

THE WHITE DEVIL,

OR,

The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano*
Vrsini, Duke of *Brachiano*,

With

The Life, and Death, of *Vittoria*
Corombona, the famous
Venetian Curtizan.

As it hath bin diuers times Acted, by the Queenes
Maiesties seruants, at the *Phoenix*, in
Drury-lane.

Written by IOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora secutus.

LONDON,

Printed by I. N. for *Hugh Perry*, and are to be sold
at his shop at the signe of the *Narrow* in
Brittains-burſe. 1631.





To the Reader.



N publishing this Tragedy, I doe but challenge to my selfe that liberty, which other men haue ta'ne before me; not that I affect praise by it, for, nos hæc nouimus esse nihil: onely since it was acted, in soe open, and blacke a Theater, that it wanted (that which is the onely grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and vnderstanding Auditory: and that, since that time, I haue noted; most of the people that come to that Play-house, resemble those ignorant asses (who visiting Stationers shoppes their vse is not to inquire for good bookes but new bookes) I present it to the generall view with this confidence.

*Nec Rhoncos metues maligniorum,
Nec Scombris tunicas dabis molestas.*

If it bee objected this is no true Dramaticke Poem, I shall easily confesse it; non potes in nugis dicere plura meas: Ipse ego quam dixi. willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind haue I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory the most sententious Tragedy that euer was written, observing all the criticall lawes, as height of stile; and grauity of person; enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it

To the Reader.

were life'n Death, in the passionate and mighty Nuntius : yet after all this diuine rapture; O dura mellorum ilia, the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude, is able to poison it, and ere it be acted, let the Author resolve to fixe to euery scene, this of Horace,

---- Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

To those, who report I was a long time, in finishing this Tragedy, I confesse, I doe not write with a goose-quill, winged with two feathers, and if they will needes make it my fault, I must answere them, with that of Eurypides to Alcestides, a Tragicke writer : Alcestides obiecing that Eurypides had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas himselfe had written three hundred: Thou telst truth (quoth he) but here's the difference, thine shal onely be reade for three dayes, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance : For mine owne part I haue euer truly cherisht my good opinion of other mens worthy Labours, especially of that full and heightned stile of Master Chapman: The labour'd & understanding workes of Master Iouison : The noe lesse worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont, & Master Fletcher : And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy, and copious industrie of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker, and M. Heywood, wishing, what I write, may be read by their light : Protesting, that, in the strength of mine owne iudgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my owne workes, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fixe that of Martiall.

---- non norunt Hæc monumenta mori.



THE TRAGEDIE OF PAULO GIORDANO

*Vrsini Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria
Corombona.*

Enter Count Lodouico, Antonelli, and Gasparo.

Lodouico.

B Anisht? *Anto.* It greeu'd me much to heare
the sentence.
Lodo. Ha, ha, o *Democritus*, thy Gods
That gouerne the whole world, Courtly re-
ward, and punishment Fortun's a right whore.
If she giue ought, she deales it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one swope.
This 'tis to haue great enemies, God quit them:
Your wolfe no longer seemes to be a wolfe
Then when shee's hungry. *Gas.* You tearme those enemies
Are men of Princely ranke? *Lod.* Oh I, pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pasht in peeces by it. *Anto.* Come my Lord,
You are iustly doom'd; looke but a little backe
Into your former life: you haue in three yeares
Ruin'd the Noblest Earledome. *Gas.* Your followers
Haue swallowed you like Mummia, and being sicke
Wich such vnnaturall and horrid Phisicke,
Vomit you vp i'th kennell. *Anto.* All the damnable degrees

B

Of

Vittoria Corombona.

Of drinkings haue you, staggerd through one Cittizen,
Is Lord of two faire Manors, call you matter
Only for Caiare. *Gas.* Those Noblemen
Which were inuited to your prodigall feastes,
Wherein the Phenix scarce could scape your throates,
Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeming you,
An idle Meteor which drawne forth the earth,
Would be soone lost i'th aire. *Anto.* Ieast vpon you,
And say you were begotten in an Earth-quake,
You haue ruin'd such faire Lordships. *Lodo.* Very good.
This well goes with two buckets, I must tend
The powring out of either. *Gas.* Worse then these,
You haue acted, certaine Murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror. *Lod.* Las they were flea-bitings:
Why tooke they not my head then? *Gas.* O my Lord
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinkes it good.
Not euer to steepe violent sinnes in blood,
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.

Lod. So, but I wonder then some great men scape
This banishment: ther's *Paulo Giordano Vrsini*;
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now liues in Rome,
And by close Pandarifine seekes to prostitute
The honour of *Vittoria Corombona*,
Vittoria, she that might haue got my pardon
For one kisse to the Duke. *Anio.* Haue a full man within you:
We see that Trees beare no such pleasant fruite
There where they grew first, as where they are new set.
Perfumes the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasing sents, and affliction
Expresseth vertue, fully, whether true,
Or else adulterate. *Lod.* Leauē your painted comforts
He make Italian cut-workes in their guts
If euer I returne. *Gas.* O Sir. *Lod.* I am patient,
I haue scene some ready to be executed,
Giue pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar
Wth the knaue hangman, so do I, I thanke them,

And

Vittoria Corombona.

And would account them nobly mercifull
Would they dispatch me quickly. *Anto.* Fare you well,
Wee shall find time I doubt not to repeale
Your bannishment. *Lod.* I am euer bound to you: *Enter*
This is the worlds almes; pray make vse of it, *Senate.*
Great men sell sheepe, thus to be cut in peeces.
When first they haue shorne them bare, and sold their fleeces.
Exeunt.

Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamenco, Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. Your best of rest. *Vit.* Vnto my Lord the Duke,
The best of welcome More nights: Attend the Duke.

Bra. Flamenco. *Fla.* My Lord. *Bra.* Quite lost *Flamenco.*

Fla. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your seruice, O my Lord!

The faire *Vittoria*, my happy Sister

Shall giue you present audience, gentlemen,

Let the caroach goe on, and 'tis his pleasure

You put out all your torches, and depart.

Bra. Are we so happy? *Fla.* Can't be otherwise?

Obserr'd you not to night my honor'd Lord

Which way so ere you went, she threw her eyes,

I haue dealt already with her chamber-maid

Zanche the Moore, and she is wondrous proud

To be the agent for so high a spirit.

Bra. We are happy aboue thought, because 'boue merit.

Fla. 'Boue merit! wee may now talke freely: 'boue merit;
what i'ft you doubt? her Coyness that's but the superficies of lust
most women haue; yet why should Ladies blush to heare that
nam'd, which they do not feare to handle? O they are politicke,
They know our desire is increased by the difficulty of inioying;
where a satiety is a blunt: weary and drowisie passion, if the But-
tery hatch at Court stood continually open there would bee no-
thing so passionate crouding, nor hot suit after the beuerage.

Bra. O but her jealous husband

Fla. Hang him, a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with

Vittoria Corombona.

quicke-siluer is not more cold in the liuer. The great Barriers
mouited not more feathers, then he hath shed haire, by the con-
fession of his Doctor. An Irish Gamster that will play himselfe
naked, and then wage all downwards, at hazard, is not more ven-
terous. So vnable to please a woman that like a dutch doublet, all
his backe is shrunke into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this close, good my Lord,
Some trick now must be thought on to diuide
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow.

Bra. O should she faile to come.

Fla. I must not haue your Lordship thus vnwisely amorous:
I my selfe haue loued a Lady, and pursued her with a great deale
of vnder-age protestation, whom, some 3 or 4 gallants that haue
enoyed, would with all their hearts haue bin glad to haue bin
rid of: 'Tis iust like a summer bird-cage in a Garden, the birds
that are without, despaire to get in, and the birds that are within,
despaire, and are in a consumption for feare they shall neuer get
out: away, away my Lord,

Enter Camillo.

See here he comes, this fellow by his apparrell
Some men would iudge a politician,
But call his wit in question, you shall finde it
Meerely an Ass in's foot cloath.

How now brother? what trauailing to bed to your kinde wife?

Cam. I assure you brother no; My voyage lyes
More Northerly, in a farre colder clime;
I doe not well remember, I protest, when I last lay with her.

Fla. Strange you should loose your Count.

Cam. Wee neuer lay together, but ere morning
Their grew a flaw betweene vs. *Fla.* T'had bin your part
To haue made vp that flaw.

Cam. True, but she loathes I should bee seene in't.

Fla. Why sir, what's the matter?

Cam. The Duke your master visits me I thanke him,
And I perceiue how like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leanes that way,
He should haue his bowle run.

Fla. I hope you doe not thinke.

Camilla

Vittoria Corombona.

Cam. That noble men bowle bootie, Faith, his cheek
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would faine iumpe with my mistris

Fla. Will you be an asse.

Despight you *Aristotle*, or a Cuckold.

Contrary to your *Ephemerides*,

Which shewes you vnder what a smiling Planet

You were first swadled,

Cam. Pew wew, Sir tell not me

Of Planets nor of *Ephemerides*:

A man may be made Cuckold in the day time

When the Stars eyes are out. *Fla.* Sir God boy you,

I do commit you to your pittifull pillow

Stuff with horne-shauings. *Cam* Brother. *Fla.* God refuse me

Might I aduise you now, your onely course

Were to locke vp your wife. *Cam.* T'were very good.

Fla. Bar her the sight of reuels. *Cam.* Excellent.

Fla. Let her not goe to Church, but like a hound

In Leon at your heeles. *Cam.* T'were for her honour.

Fla. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,

Despight her chastity or innocence,

To bee Cuckolded, which yet is in suspence:

This is my counsell, and I aske no fee for't,

Cam. Come you know not were my night-cap wringes mee.

Fla. Weare it ath' old fashion, let your large eares come
through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter barre your wife
of her entertaynment: women are more willinglie & more glo-
riously chaste, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It
seemes you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically iealous
Coxcombe, take the height of your owne hornes with a *Iacobs*
staffe afore they are vp. These politicke inclosures for paltry
mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh, then all the pro-
uocative Electuaries Doctors haue vttered since last Iubilee.

Cam. This doth not please me,

Fla. It seemes you are Iealous, it shew you the error of it by
a familiar example: I haue scene a paire of spectacles fashioned
with such perspective art, that lay downe but one twelue pence
ath' bord, twill appeare as if there were twenty, now should you

Vittoria Corombona.

we are a paire of these spectacles; and see your wife tying her shoos, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking vp of your wines clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causelesse fury,

Cam. The fault there Sir is not in the eye-sight.

Fla. True, but they that haue the yellow Iauudise, thinke all objects they looke on to bee yellow. Iealousy is worse, her fits present to a man, like so many bubbles in a Bason of water, twenty seuerall crabbed faces, many times makes his owne shadow his cuckold-maker. * See she comes, what reason haue you to be iealous of this creature? what an ignorant asse or flattering knaue might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes; or call her brow, the snow of Ida, or Iuorie of Corinth, or compare her haire to the blacke-birds bill, when 'tis liker the black-birds feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make you freinds; and you shall go to bed together, marry looke you, it shall not be your seeking, do you stand vpon that by any meanes, walk you a loofe; I would not haue you scene in't. Sister my Lord attends you in the banquetting house, your husband is wondrous discontented.

Vit. I did nothing to displease him, I carued to him at supper-time.

Fla. You need not haue carued him in faith, they say hee is a capon already; I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a Gentleman so well descended as *Camillo*. — a lousy slave that within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the Dukes carriage' mongst spits and dripping-pannes.

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Fla. An excellent scholler, one that hath a head fi'd with calues braynes without any sage in them, — come crouching in the hams to you for a nights lodging — that hath an itch in's hams which like the fire at the Glasse house hath not gone out this seauen yeares — is hee not a Courtly Gentleman, — when he weares white Sattin, one would take him by his blacke mussel to be no other creature then a maggot, you are a goodly Foile, I confesse, well set out — but couer'd with a false stone you counterfeit a dyamond,

Cam.

Vittoria Corombona

Cam. He will make her know what is in mee.

Fla. Come, my Lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. Cam. Now he comes to't.

Fla. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine, I am opening your case hard.

Cam. A vertuous brother on my credit.

Fla. He will giue thee a ringe, with a Philosophers Stone in it.

Cam. Indeece I am studying Alcumye.

Fla. Thou shalt lye in a bed stufte with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed linnen, like the fellow was smothered in roses, so perfect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at Sea thinke. land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so, both heauen. and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shalt' mee'te him, tis fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to ineuitable necessitie.

Vitto. How sha'ls rid him hence?

Fla. I will put bree's in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie; I haue almost wrought her to it, I find her comming, but might I aduise you now for this night I would not lye with her, I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.

Camil. Shall I, shall I?

Fla. It wil shew in you a supremacie of Iudgement.

Camil. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for, *qua negata, grata*.

Fla. Right: you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keepe distance of:

Camil. A philosophicall reason

Fla. Walke by her a'the Noble mans fashion, and tell her you will lye with her at the end of the Progresse

Camil. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say, incited. Vitto. To do what Sir?

Camil. To lye with you to night; your silke worme vseth to fast euery third day, and the next following, spinnes the better. To morrow at night I am For you.

Vitto. You'le spinne a faire th ead, trust to't.

Fla. But do you heare, I shall haue you steale to her chamber about mid night.

Camil. Do you thinke so; why looke you brother, because you

Vittoria Corombona.

you shall not thinke ile gull you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Fla. Introath I will, i'le be your taylor once,
But haue you nere a false doore.

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Christian, tell me to morrow how scuruelly she takes my vnkind parting.

Fla. I will. *Cam.* Didst thou not make the icast of the filke-worme? goodnight, in faith I will vse this tricke often.

Fla. Do, do, do. *Exit Camillo.*
So now you are safe. Ha, ha, ha, thou intanglest thy selfe in thine owne worke like a filke-worme *Enter Bachiano.*

Come sister, darkenesse hides your blush, women are like curst dogges, cruelty keepes them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischeefe my Lord, my Lord

Bra. Giue credit: I could wish time would stand still.
And neuer end this enteruew this hower, *zache brings out a carpet*
But all delight doth it selfe son't deuoure. *Spreads it and layes on*
Let me into your bosome happy Lady, *it two faire Cushions.*
Powre out instead of eloquence my vowe, *Enter Cornelia.*
Loose me not Madam, for if you forgoe me I am lost eternally.

Vit. Sir, in the way of pittie I wish you heart-whole.

Bra. You are a sweet Phisitian.

Vit. Sure sir a loathed cruelty in Ladies
Is as to Doctors many funerals: It takes away their credit.

Bra. Excellent Creature.

We call the cruell fayre, what name for you
That are so mercifull? *Zan.* See now they close.

Fla. Most happy vnion.

Cor. My feares are false vpon me, oh my heart!
My sonne the pandar: now I find our house
Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leaue behind,
Where they haue tyranniz'd, iron, lead, or stone,
But woe to ruine violent lust leaues none.

Bra. What value is this Iewell?

Vit. 'Tis the ornament of a weake fortune.

Bra. In sooth i'le haue it; nay I will but change

My

Vittoria Corombona.

My Jewell for your Jewell. *Fla.* Excellent,
His Jewell for her Jewell, well put in Duke.

Bra. Nay let me see you weare it. *Vit.* Here sir.

Bra. Nay lower, you shall weare my Jewell lower.

Fla. That's better she, must weare his Jewell lower.

Vit. To passe away the time, I'll tell your Grace
A dreame I had last night. *Bra.* Most wishedly.

Vit. A foolish idle dreame:

Me thought I walkt about the mid of night,
Into a Church-yard, where a goodly *Ewe* Tree
Spred her large roote in ground, vnder that *Ewe*,
As I fate sadly leaning on a graue,
Checkered with crosse-stickes, there came stealing in
Your Dutchesse and my husband, one of them
A Picax bore, th' other a Rusty Spade,
And in rough termes they 'gan to challenge me,
About this *Ewe*. *Bra.* That Tree.

Vit. This harmelssse *Ewe*,
They told me my intent was to root vp
That well-growne *Ewe*, and plant i'th steed of it
A wither'd blacke-thorne, and for that they vow'd
To bury me aliue: my husband straight
With picax 'gan to dig, and your self Dutchesse
With shouell, like a Furie, voyded out
The earth, and scattered bones: Lord how me thought
I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray. *Fla.* No, the Diuell was in your dreame.

Vit. When to my rescue there arose me thought
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arme
From that strong plant;
And both were stricke dead by that sacred *Ewe*
In that base shallow graue that was their due.

Fla. Excellent Diuell!
She hath taught him in a dreame
To make away his Dutchesse, and her husband.

Bra. Sweetely shall I interpret this your dreame,
You are ledgd within his armes who shall protect you,

C

From

Vittoria Corombona.

From all the feauers of a Icalous Husband,
From the poore enuy of our flegmaticke Dutchesse,
I'll seate you aboute law and aboute scandall,
Giue to your thoughts the inuention of delight
And the fruition, nor shall gouernment
Diuide me from you longer, then a care
To keepe you great : you shall to me at once,
Be Dukedome, health, wife, children, friends, and all.

Cor. Woe to light hearts they still forerun our fall.

Flam. What fury rais'd thee vp? away, away. *Exit Zanche.*

Cor. What make you here my Lord this dead of night?
Neuer cropt me dew on a flower here, till now.

Flam. I pray, wil you goe to bed then,
Least you be blasted. *Cor.* O what this faire garden,
Had all poysoned heaibes of *Thessaly*,
At first bene planted, made a nursery
For witch-craft; rather a buriall plot
For both your Honours. *Vit.* Dearest mother heare me.

Cor. O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner then nature; see the curse of children,
In life they keepe vs frequently in teares,
And in the cold grane leaues vs in pale feares,

Brac. Come, come, I will not heare you.

Vit. Deere my Lord,

Cor. Where is thy Dutchesse now adulterous Duke?
Thou little dreamd'st this night shee is come to Rome?

Flam. How? come to Rome, *Vit.* The Dutchesse.

Brac. She had bene better,

Cor. The liues of Princes should like dyals moue,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them goe right, or wrong.

Flam. So, haue you done? *Cor.* Vnfortunate *Camille.*

Vit. I do protest, if any chaste deniall,
If any thing but bloud, could haue allayed
His long suite to me.

Cor. I will ioyne with thee,
To the most wofull end ere mother kneel'd,

Vittoria Corombona.

If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,
Be thy life short as are the Funerall teares
In great mens. *Bra.* Fye, fye, the woman's mad.

Cor. Be thy act *Judas-like*, betray in kissing,
Maifest thou be enuied during his short breath,
And pittied like a wretch after his death.

Vis. O me accurst.

Exit Vittoria.

Fla. Are you out of your wits, my Lord,
Ile fetch her backe againe? *Bra.* No ile to bed.
Send Doctor *Iulio* to me presently,
Vncharitable woman thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearefull and prodigious storme,
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harme. *Exit Brachiano.*

Flam. Now, you that stand so much vpon your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night thinke you,
To send a Duke home without ere a man?
I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth
Which you haue Whoorded for my maintenance,
That I may beare my beard out of the leuell
Of my Lords Stiepe. *Cor.* What? because we are poore,
Shall we be vitious? *Flam.* Pray what meanes haue you
To keepe me from the Gallies, or the Gallowes:
My father prou'd himselfe a Gentleman,
Sold al's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me vp,
At *Padua* I confesse, where I protest
For want of meanes, the Vniuersity iudge me,
I haue bene faine to heele my Tutors stockings
At least seuen yeares; Conspiring with a beard
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes seruice,
I visited the Court, whence I return'd;
More courteous, more letcherous by farre,
But not a suite the richer, and shall I,
Hauing a path so open, and so free
To my preferment, still retaine your milke
In my pale forehead, no, this face of mine
I'll arme and fortifie with lusty wine,

Vittoria Corombona.

'Gainst shame and blushing.

Cor. O that I ne're had borne thee.

Fla. So would I.

I would the common'st Curtezan in *Rome*,
Had bene my mother rather then thy selfe.

Nature is very pittifull to whores,
To giue them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers, they are sure

They shall not want. Go, go,
Complaine vnto my great Lord Cardinall,
It may be hee will iustifie the act.

Lycurgus wondred much, men would prouide
Good Itallions for their Mares, and yet would suffer
Their faire wiues to bee barren.

Cor. Misery of miseries. *Exit Cornelia.*

Flam. The Dutcheffe come to Court? I like not that,
Weare ingag'd to mischief and must on.

As Riuer to finde out the Ocean
Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes;
Or as we see to aspire some mountaines top,
The way ascends not straight but imitates
The subtile foldings of a Winter snake;
So who knowes pollicy and her true aspect,
Shall finde her waies winding, and indirect. *Exit.*

*Enter Francisco de Medisis, Cardinall Mountcelso, Marcello,
Isabella, young Gionanni, with little Iaques the Moore.*

Fra. Haue you not seene your husband since you arriued?

Isa. Not yet Sir. *Fra.* Surely hee is wonderfull kinde;
If I had such a Doue-house as *Camillo's*,
I would set fire on't, wer't but to destroy
The Pole-cats that haunt to't, — my sweete Cousin.

Gio. Lord vncke you did promise me a horse,
And armour. *Fra.* That I did my pretty Cousin,
Marcello see it fitted. *Mar.* My Lord the Duke is here.

Fra. Sister away, you must not yet be seene.

Isa. I doe beseech you, intreate him mildely,
Let not your rough tongue

Set

Vittor: a Corombona

Set vs at louder variance, all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I doe not doubt
As men to trie the precious Vnicornes Horne,
Make of the Powder a preseruatiue circle,
And in it put a spider: so these armes
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying,
And keepe him chaste from an infected straying.

Fra. I wish it may. Begone.

Exit.

Enter Brachiano, and Flamenco.

Voyd the chamber:

You are Welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord,
Be you my Orator, my hearts too full,
I'll second you anon. *Mont.* E're I beginne,
Let me intreat your Grace forgoe all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

Bra. As silent as i'th Church you may proceed.

Mont. It is a wonder to your Noble friends,
That you hauing as 'twere entred the world,
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And haue to th' use of Nature, well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age
Neglect your awfull throne, for the soft downe
Of an insatiate bed. oh my Lord,
The Drunkard after all his luscious cuppes,
Is dry, and then is sober: soe at length,
When you awake from this lasciuious dreame.
Repentance then will follow; like the Sting
Plac't in the Adders tayle: wretched are Princes
When Fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their vnweldy crownes; or rauisheth
But one pearle from their Scepters: but alas!
When they to wilfull shipwracke loose good fame,
All Princely titles perish with their name.

Bra. You haue sayd my Lord: *Mont.* Enough to giue you taile.
How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse?

Bra. Now you that are his second, what say you?
Doe not like young Hawkes fetch a course about

Vittoria Corombona.

Your game flies faire and for you, *Fran.* Doe not feare it:
I leane were you in your owne hawking phrased.

Some Eagles that should gaze vpon the Sunne,
Seldome feare high, but take their lustfull ease;
Since they from dunghill birds their prey can ceaze,
You know *Vittoria*, *Brac.* Yes,

Fran. You shift your shirt there,
When you retire from Tennis. *Brac.* Happely.

Fran. Her husband is Lord of a poore fortune
Yet she weares Cloth of Tissue, *Brac.* What of this?
Will you vrge that, my good Lord Cardinall
As part of her confession, at next Shrift,

And know from whence it failes. *Fran.* She is your Strumpet,

Brac. Vnciuill Sir, ther's Hemlocke in thy breath
And that blacke slander, were she a whore of mine,
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers,
Thy Gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,
Durst not supplant her. *Fran.* Let's not talke on Thunder,
Thou hast a wire, our sister; would I had giuen
Both her white hands to death, bound, and lockt fast
In her last winding sheete, when I gaue thee
But one. *Brac.* Thou hadst giuen a soule to God then.

Fran. True,
Thy ghostly father with all's absolution,
Shall ne're do so by thee. *Brac.* Spit thy poyson.

Fran. I shall not need, Lust carries her sharpe whippe
At her owne girdle, looke to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts. *Brac.* Thunder? infaith?

They are but crackers. *Frac.* Wee'le end this with the Cannons.

Brac. Thou'lt get nought by it, but iron in thy wounds,
And Gunpowder in thy nostrils. *Fran.* Better that,
Then change perfumes for plaisters, *Brac.* Pitty on thee,
'Twere good yo'uld shew your slaues, or men condemn'd,
Your new plow'd fore-head defiance, and I'le meete thee,
Euen in a thicket of thy ablest men.

Mon. My Lord, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. *Fran.* Willingly.

Vittoria Corombona.

Brac. Haue you proclaim'd a Triumph that you baite a
Lyon thus. *Mon.* My Lord. *Brac.* I am tame, I am tame, Sir

Flam. We send vnto the Duke for conference
Bout leauyes 'gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home, we come our seife in person,
Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we feare
When Tyber to each prouing passenger
Discouers flockes of wild-duckes. then my Lord
'Bout moulting time, I meane, wee shall be certaine
To finde you sure enough, and speake with you. *Brac.* Ha?

Flam. A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle,
Bnt to expresse the Sonnet by naturall reason. *Enter GIOHANNIS*
When Stagges grow melancholike you'll finde the season.

Mon. No more my Lord, here comes a Champion
Shall end the difference betweene you both,
Your sonne, the Prince *GIOHANNIS*; see my Lords
What hopes you store in him, this is a casket
For both your Crowns, and should be held like deere:
Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know
It is a more direct and euen way,
To traine to vertue those of Princely bloud,
By examples then by precepts: if by examples,
Whom should he rather strue to imitate
Then his owne father: be his patterne then,
Leaue him a stocke of vertue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.

Bra Your hand boy growing to a souldier. *Gio.* Giue me a pike.

Fran. What practising your Pike so yong Faire Cou-

Gio. Suppose mee one of *HOMER'S* frogges, my Lord,
Tossing my bul rush thus: pray sir, tell mee
Might not a child of good discretion
Be Leader to an Army: *Fran.* Yes cousin a yong Prince
Of good discretion might. *Gio.* Say you so:
Indeed I haue heard 'tis fit, a Generall
Should not endanger his owne person oft,
So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horsebacke
Like a Danske Drummer, O 'tis Excellent.

Hee

Vittoria Corembona.

Hee need not fight, me thinkes his horse, as well
Might lead an Army for him; if I liue,
I'll charge the French foe in the very Front
Of all my troupes, the formost man. *Fra.* What what.

Gio. And will not bid my Souldiers vp, and follow,
But bid them follow me. *Bra.* Forward Lap-wing.
He flies with the shell on's head. *Fran.* Pretty Cousin.

Gio. The first Yeare Vnkle that I go to warre,
All Prisoners that I take, I will set free
Without their ransome. *Fran.* Ha, without their ransome,
How then will you reward your souldiers
That tooke those prisoners for you? *Gio.* Thus my Lord;
I'll marry them to all the Wealthy Widdowes
That fals that Yeare. *Fran.* Why then the next yeare following
You'll haue no men to go with you to warre.

Gio. Why then, I'll presse the women to the War,
And then the men will follow. *Mon.* Witty Prince,

Fran. See, a good Habite makes a Child a Man,
Whereas a bad one makes a Man a beast:
Come, you and I are friends. *Bra.* Most wishedly:
Like bones which broke in sunder and well set
Knit the more strongly. *Cran.* Call Camillo hither,
You haue receiued the rumour, how Count Lodowicke
Is turn'd a Pirate. *Bra.* Yes. *Fra.* We are now preparing
Some shipes to fetch him in: behold your Dutchesse, *Exc. Fr.*
We now will leaue you, and expect from you *Mon. Gio.*
Nothing but kinde intreaty. *Bra.* You haue charm'd mee.
You are in health we see. *Isa.* And aboue health
To see my Lord well. *Bra.* So I wonder much,
What amorous whirlwinde hurried you to Rome?

Isa. Deuotion my Lord. *Bra.* Deuotion?
Is your soule charg'd with any grieuous sinne,
Isa. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I thinke
The oftner that wee cast our reckonings vp,
Our sleepes will be the sounder. *Bra.* Take your chamber.

Isa. Nay my deere Lord, I will not haue you angry,
Doth not my absence from you two moneths,

Merite

Vittoria Corombona.

Merit one kisse? *Brac.* I do not vse to kisse,
If that will dispossesse your iealousy,
I'll sweare it to you. *Isa.* O my loued Lord,
I do not come to chide ; my iealousy?
I am to learne what that *Italian* meanes,
You are as welcome to these longing armes,
As I to you a Virgine. *Brac.* O your breath ;
Out vpon swēete meates, and continued Physicke,
The plague is in them. *Isa.* You haue oft for these two lippes
Neglected *Cassia*, or the naturall sweetes
Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much wither'd,
My Lord I should be merry, these your frownes
Shew in a Helmet louely, but on me,
In such a peacefull enterueew me thinkes
They are too roughly knit. *Brac.* O dissemblance.
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? haue you learn't
The trick of impudent basenes to complaine
Vnto your kindred ? *Isa.* Neuer, my deere Lord.

Brac. Must I be haunted out, or wast your trick
To meete some amorous Gallant heere in Rome
That must supply our discontinuance?

Isa. I pray sir, burst my heart, and in my death
Turne to your antient pittie, though not loue.

Brac. Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is the great Duke: S'death I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred Crownes at Tennis,
But it shall rest vpon record : I scorne him
Like a shau'd Pollake, all his reuerent Wit
Lies in his wardrope, hee's a discreet fellow,
When hee's made vp in his Roabes of state,
Your brother the great Duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransackes a Turkish flye-boate,
(Now all the hellish Furies take his soule,)
First made this match, accursed be the Priest
That sang the wedding Masse, and euen my Issue.

Isa. O too far you haue curst, *Brac.* Your hand I'll kisse,
This is the latest ceremony of my loue,

D

Hence-

Vittoria Corombona.

Hence-forth i'le neuer lye with thee, by this,
This wedding-ring : ile ne're more lye with thee.
And this diuorce shall be as truely kept,
As if the Iudge had doom'd it : fare you well,
Our sleeps are seuer'd. *Isa.* Forbid it the sweet vnion
Of all things blessed ; why the Saints in Heauen
Will knit their browes at that. *Bra.* Let not thy loue,
Make thee an vnbeleeuers, this my vow,
Shall neuer on my soule bee satisfied
With my repentance : let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed. *Isa.* O my winding sheet,
Now shall I need thee shortly, deere my Lord,
Let me heare once more, what I would not heare,
Neuer. *Bra.* Neuer?

Isa. O my vnkind Lord, may your sins find mercy,
As I vpon a woefull widowed bed,
Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes,
Vpon your wretched wife, and hopefull sonne,
Yet that in time you'l fixe them vpon Heauen.

Bra. No more, goe, goe, complaine to the great Duke

Isa. No my deere Lord, you shall haue present witnesse,
How i'le worke peace betweene you, I will make
My selfe the author of your cursed vow,
I haue some cause to doe it, you haue none;
Conceale it I beseech you, for the weale
Of both your Dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes
Of such a separation; let the fault
Remaine with my supposed ieaousy,
And thinke with what a pittious and rent heart,
I shall performe this sad insuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flaminceo, Montcelso, Marcello, Camillo.

Bra. Well, take your course my honorable brother.

Fra. Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,
She merits not this welcome. *Bra.* Welcome say?
She hath giuen a sharpe welcome. *Fra.* Are you foolish?
Come dry your teares, is this a modest course?

Vittoria Corombona.

To better what is naught, to raile and weepe:
Grow to a reconciliation, or by heauen,
I'le ne're more deale betweene you. *Isa.* fir you shall not,
Noc, though *Vittoria* vpon that condition
Would become honest. *Fra.* Was your husband loud,
Since we departed. *Isa.* By my life fir noe,
I sweare by that I do not care to loose.
Are all these ruines of my former beauty,
Laid out for a whores triumph? *Fra.* Do you heare:
Looke vpon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what iustice
They study to requite them, take that course.

Isa. O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions. *Fra.* What? turn'd Fury?

Isa. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye
Some twenty monthes a dying, to cut off
Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserue her flesh like *Mummie* for trophies
Of my iust anger: Hell to my affliction
Is meere snow-water, by your fauour fir,
Brother draw neere, and my Lord Cardinall,
Sir let me borrow of you but one kisse,
Hence-forth i'le neuer lye with you, by this,
This wedding-ring. *Fra.* How? nere more lie with him?

Isa. And this diuorce shall be as truly kept,
As if in thronged Court, a thousand cares
Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands,
Seal'd to the separation. *Bra.* Nere lie with me?

Isa. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an vnbeleuer, this my vow
Shall neuer on my soule bee satisfied
With my repentance; *manet alta mente repostum.*

Fra. Now by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
And iealous woman. *Bra.* You see 'tis not my seeking.

Fra. Was this your circle of pure Vnicornes horne,
You sayd should charme your Lord? now hornes vpon thee,

Vittoria Corombona.

For he's busy to serve them, keepe your vow,
And take your chamber, *Isa.* No sir I'll presently to *Palma*,
I will not stay a minute. *Mont.* O good Madame.

Brac. 'Twere best to let her haue her humour,
Some halfe daies journey will bring downe her stomacke,
And then shee'l turne in post. *Fran.* To see her come,
To my Lord Cardinall for a dispensation
Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter.

„ *Isa.* Vnkindnesse do thy office, poore heart breake,
„ Those are the killing greifes, which dare not speake. *Exit.*

Mar. Camillo's come my Lord. *Enter Camillo,*

Fran. Where's the commission? *Mar.* 'Tis here.

Fran. Giue me the Signet.

Flam. My Lord do you marke their whispering; I will com-
pound a medicine out of their two heades, stronger then garlick,
deadlier then stibium, the Cantharides which are scarce seene to
sticke vpon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it
with more silence or innisible cunning. *Enter Doctor*

Brac. About the murder.

Flam. They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'll send him to
Candy, her's another property to. *Brac.* O the Doctor,

Fla. A poore quacke saluing knaue, my Lord, one that should
haue bene lasht for's sletcherie, but that he confest a iudgement,
had an execution laid vpon him, and so put the whip to a *non-plus*

Doct. And was cosin'd, my Lord, by an arranter knaue
then my selfe, and made pay all the colourable execution.

Flam. He will shoot pills into a mans guts, shall make them
haue more ventages then a corner or alamprey, hee will poyson
a kisse, and was once minded for his Master-peece, because *Ire-*
land breeds no poyson, to haue prepared a deadly vapour in a
Spaniards fart that should haue poisond all *Dublin*.

Brac. O Saint *Anthones* fire:

Doct. Your Secretary is merry, my Lord.

Flam. O thou cursed antipathy to nature! looke, his eyes
bloud-shed like a needle a Chirurgeon sticheth a wound with,
let me embrace thee tod, & loue thee: o thou abominable loth-
some gargarisme, that will fetch vp lungs, lights, heart, and liuer
by

Vittoria Corombona

scruples.

Brac. No more: I must employ thee honest Doctor:
You must to *Padua*, and by the way, vse some of your skil for vs.

Doc. Sir I shall, *Brac.* But for *Camilla*?

Flam. He dies this night by such a politicke straine,
Men shall suppose him by's owne engine slaine.
But for your Dutchesse's death. *Doc.* I'll make her sure.

Brac. Small mischiefes are by greater made secure.

Flam. Remember this you slaue; when knaues come to preferment, they rise as gallouses are raised i'th low countries, one vpon another shoulders.

Exeunt.

Mon. Here is an Embleme, Nephew, pray peruse it.
'Twas throwne in at your window. *Cam.* At my window?
Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his hornes,
And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes,
The word: *Inopem me copia fecit.* *Mon.* That is:
Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes.

Cam. What should this meane? *Mon.* Ile tell you, 'tis giuen out
You are a Cuckold. *Cam.* It is giuen out so.
I had rather such report, as that my Lord
Should keepe within doores. *Fran.* Haue you any children?

Car. None my Lord. *Fra.* You are the happier:
Ile tell you a tale. *Cam.* Pray my Lord. *Fra.* An old tale.
Vpon a time *Phœbus* the God of light,
Or him wee call the Sunne, would needs be married:
The Gods gaue their consent, and *Mercury*
Was sent, to voice it to the generall world.
But what a pitious cry their straight arose
Amongst Smiths, & Felt-makers, Brewers & Cooks,
Reapers, and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers
And thousand other trades, which are annoyed
Be his excessiue heate; 't was lamentable:
They came to *Iupiter* all in a sweat,
And do forbid the Banes; a great fat Cooke
Was made their Speaker, who intreates of *Ioue*,
That *Phœbus* might bee gelded, for if now
When there was but one Sunne, so many men,

Vittoria Corombona.

Were like to perish by his violent heate.
What should they doe if he were married,
And should beget more, and those children
Make Fire-workes like their father, so say I;
Onely I will apply it to your wife,
Her issue, should not Prouidence preuent it,
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

Mon. Looke you Cousin.

Goe, change the aire for shame, see if your absence
Will blast your *Cornucopia*; *Marcello*
Is chosen with you ioynt-commissioner,
For the relieuing our Italian coast
From Pirats. *Mar.* I am much honor'd in't. *Cam.* But fir,
Ere I returne, the Stagges hornes may bee sprouted,
Greater then those are shed. *Mon.* Do not feare it,
I'll be your Ranger. *Cam.* You must watch i'th nights,
Then's the most danger. *Fra.* Farewell good *Marcello*.
All the best fortunes of a Souldiers wish,
Bring you a ship-board.

Cam. Were I not best, now I am turn'd Souldier,
E're that I leaue my wife, sell all shee hath,
And then take leaue of her. *Mon.* I expect good from you;
Your parting is so merry.

Cam. Merry my Lord? a'th Captaines humor right,
I am resolu'd to be drunke this night. *Exit.*

Fra. So, 'twas well fitted, now shall we discerne,
How his wish't absence will giue violent way
To Duke *Brachiano's* lust. *Mon.* Why that was it;
To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choise
Of him for a Sea-Captaine; and besides,
Count *Lodowicke* which was rumor'd for a Pirate,
Is now in *Padua*. *Fra.* Is't true? *Mon.* Most certaine.
I haue letters from him, which are suppliant
To worke his quicke repeale from banishment,
Hee meanes to addresse himselfe for pension,
Vnto our sister Dutchesse. *Fra.* O 'twas well.
We shall not want his absence past fixe dayes,

Vittoria Corombona.

I faine would haue the Duke *Brachiano* run
Into notorious scandall, for their's naught
In such curst dotage to repaire his name,
Onely the deepe sence of some deathlesse shame.

Mon. It may be obiected I am dishonorable,
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answere,
For my reuenge I'de stake a brothers life,
That being wrong'd durst not auenge himselfe.

Fra. Come to obserue this strumpet. *Mon.* Curse of greatnes!
Sure hee'le not leaue her. *Fra.* There's small pittie in't,
Like mistle-tow on seare Elmes spent by weather,
Let him cleaue to her, and both rot together.

Exeunt.

Enter Brachiano with one in the Habite of a Coniurer.

Bra. Now sir I claime your promise, 'tis dead midnight,
The time prefix't to shew me by your art,
How the intended murther of *Camillo*,
And our loathed Dutchesse grow to action.

Con. You haue won me by your bounty to a deed,
I do not often practise: some there are,
Which by Sophistike trickes, aspire that name
Which I would gladly loose, of Necromancer;
As some that vse to iuggle vpon cardes,
Seeming to coniure, when indeed they cheate:
Others that raise vp their confederate spirits
'Bout wind-mills, and indanger there owne neckes,
For making of a squib: and some their art
Will keepe a curtall to shew iuggling trickes,
And giue out 'tis a spirit: besides these,
Such a whole reame of Almanacke-makers, figure-flingers,
Fellowes indeed that onely liue by stealth,
Since they do meerely lie about stolne goods,
Thei'd make men thinke the Diuell were fast and loose,
With speaking fustian Latine: pray, sit downe,
Put on this night-cap sir, 'tis charm'd, and now
I'll shew you by my strong commanding art
The circumstance that breakes your Dutchesse heart.

Enter

Vittoria Corombona.

A Dumbe Shevv.

Enter suspiciously. Iulio and Christophero, they draw a curtaine where Brachian's picture is, they put on spectacles of glasse, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burne perfumes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing

Enter Isabella in her night gowne as to bed-ward, with light after her Count Lodouico, Giouanni, Guid-antonio, and others waighting on her, shee kneeles downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doe's three reuerences to it, and kisses it thrice, shee faints and will not suffer them to come nere it, dies, sorrow exprest in Giouanni and in Count Lodouico. shee's conueid out solemnly.

Brac. Excellent! then shee's dead, Con. She's poysoned, By the fum'd pictnre, 'twas her custome nightly, Before shee went to bed, to go and visite Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes On the dead shadow : Doctor Iulio Obseruing this, infects it with an oile, And other poison'd stufte, which presently Did suffocate her spirits Brac. Me thought I saw, Count Lodowicke there Con. He was, and by my Art. I finde hee did most passionately doate Vpon your Dutchesse, now turne another way, And veiw Camillo's farre more politicke face, Strike louder musicke from this charmed ground, To yeeld, as fits the Act, a Tragicke sound.

The Second Dumbe Shevv.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with foure more as Captaines, they drinke healths, and dance, a vaulting horse is brought into the roome, Marcello and two more whisper'd out of the roome, while Flamineo & Camillo strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault, they complement who shall beginne: as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him vpo his necke, and with the help of the rest, wriths his necke about, seeme's to see if it be broke & laies him folded double as 'twere vnder the horse, makes shewes to call for halpe,
Marcello

Vittoria Corombona

Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinall and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wanders at the act, commands the body to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and goes as twere to apprehend Vittoria.

Brac. 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance
I tast not fully. *Con.* O 'twas most apparant,
You saw them enter charged with their deepe healthes
To their boone voyage, and to second that,
Flamino calls to haue a vaulting horse
Maintaine their sport. The vertuous *Marcello*,
Is innocently plotted forth the roome,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you
The engine of all. *Mar.* It seemes *Marcello*, and *Flamino*
Are both committed. *Con.* Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your Mistress, faire *Vittoria*; wee are now
Beneath her rooffe: 'twere fit we instantly
Make out by some backe posterne: *Brac.* Noble friend,
You bind me euer to you, this shall stand
As the firme seale annexed to my hand. *Exit Brac.*
It shall inforce a payment. *Con.* Sir, I thanke you.
Both flowers and weedes spring, when the Sunne is warme,
And Great men do great good, or else great harme. *Exit Con.*

*Enter Francisco, and Monticello, their Chancellor
and Register.*

Bran. You haue dealt discretely to obtaine the presence
Of all the graue Leiger Embassadours
To heare *Vittoria's* triall. *Mon.* 'Twas not ill
For sir yon know we haue naught bnt circumstances
To charge her with, about her husbands death;
Their approbation therefore to the proofes
Of her blacke lust, shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring Kingdomes, I wonder
If *Brachiano* will be here. *Fra.* O fy! 'twere impudence too pal- (pable.

Enter Flamino, and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

Law. What are you in by the weeke, so, I will try now
E whether

Vittoria Corombona.

whither thy wit be close prisoner, mee think's none should sit
vpon thy sifter, but o d whore-masters:

Fla. Or cuckolds, for your cuckold is your most terrible tick-
ler of lechery: whore-masters wou'd serue: for none are Iudges
at tilting, but those that haue bin old Tilters.

Law. My Lord Duke and she haue bin very priuate.

Fla. You are a dull asse, 'tis threatned they haue bin very
publike.

Law. If it can be prooued they haue but kist one another.

Fla. What then? *Law.* My Lord Cardinall will ferret them.

Fla. A Cardinall I hope, will not catch conies.

Law. For to sowe kisses (marke what I say) to sowe kisses, is
to reape lechery, and I am sure, a woman that will endure kissing
is halfe won.

Fla. True, her vpper part by that rule; if you will win her ne-
ther part to, you know what followes.

Law. Harke the Embassadours are lighted.

Fla. I do put, on this feigned Garbe of mirth,
To gall suspicion.

Mar. O my vnfortunate sifter!

I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart
When she first saw *Brachiano*: you 'tis sayd,
Were made his engine, and his stalking horse
To vndoe my sifter. *Fla.* I am a kinde of path
To her, and mine owne preferment. *Mar.* Your ruine.

Fla. Hum! thou art a Souldier,
Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,
As witches doe their seruiceable spirits,
Euen with thy prodigall blood: what hast got?
But like the wealth of Captaines, a poore handfull,
Which in thy palme thou bear'st, as men hold water,
Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward
Steales through thy fingers. *Mar.* Sir.

Fla. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes. *Mar.* Brother.

Fla. Heare me,
And thus when we haue euen powred our selues,

Vittoria Corombona.

Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward:
But as we seldom find the mistle-towe
Sacred to Phisicke: Or the builder Oke,
Without a Mandrake by it; so in our quest of gaine:
Alas the poorest of their forced likes
At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes:
This is lamented doctrine. *Mar.* Come, come.

Fla. When age shall turne thee
White, as a blooming hawthorne. *Mar.* He interrupt you.
For one of vertue beare an honest heart,
And stride ouer euery politike respect,
Which where they most aduance, they most infect.

Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leaue you
A better patrimony. *Fla.* He thinke on't. The Lord Embassadors

*Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadors ouer
the Stage generally. Enter French Embassadors.*

Law. O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, hee's an
admirable Tilier.

Fla. I saw him at last Tilting, hee shewed like a peuter candle-
sticke, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a Tilting staffe
in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelue ith pound.

Law. O, but hee's an excellent horseman,

Fla. A lame one in his lofty trickes, hee sleepes a horsebacke
like a poulter,

Enter English and Spanish.

Law. I o you my Spaniard.

Fla. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I haue seene a seruingman
carry glasses in a Cipres-hatband, monstrous steddly for feare of
breaking: He lookes, like the claw of a Blacke-bird, first salted,
and then broiled in a candle,

Exeunt.

The Arraignement of Vittoria.

*Enter Francisco, Monticello, the sixe Lieger Embassadors. Bra-
chiano, Vittoria, Ilabella, Lawyer, and a guard.*

Mon. Forbeare my Lord, here is no place asling'd you,
This businesse by his holynesse, is left
To your examination.

E 2

Br 4.

Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. May it thrive with you.

*Laies a rich gowne
under him.*

Fra. A Chaire there for his Lordship.

Bra. Forbeare your kindnesse, an vnbidden guest
Should trauaile as dutch-women goe to Church:

Beare their stooles with them. Mon. At your pleasure sir,
Stand to the table gentlewomen: now Signior,
Fall to your plea.

Law. *Domine Index conuerte oculos in hanc pestem
mulierum corruptissimam.* Vit. What's he?

Fra. A Lawyer, that pleades against you.

Vit. Pray my Lord, let him speake his vsuall tongue,
He make no answer else. Fra. Why you vnderstand Latine.

Vit. I doe sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to heare my cause, the halfe or more
May be ignorant in't. Mon. Goe on sir.

Vit. By your fauour,
I will not haue my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue: All this assembly
Shall heare what you can charge me with. Fra. Signior,
You need not stand on't much; pray, change your language.

Mon. Oh for God sake: gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.

Law. Well then haue at you.

Vit. I am at the marke sir, he giue aime to you,
And tell you how neere you shoote.

Law. Most literated Iudges, please your Lordships,
So to conuieue your iudgements to the veiue
Of this debaucht, and diuersiuolent woman,
Who such a concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirpe
The memory of't, must bee the consummation
Of her, and her proiections. Vit. What's all this?

Law. Hold your peace.

Exorbitant finnes must haue exulceration.

Vit. Surely my Lords, this lawyer hath swallowed
Some Apothecaries bills, or proclamations;
And now the hard, and indigestable wordes,

Come

Vittoria Corombona.

Come vp like stones we vse giue Haukes for phisicke.

Why this is welch to Latine. *Law.* My Lords, the woman

Know's not her Tropes, nor is perfect

In the Academick deuination

Of Grammaticall elocution, *Fra.* fir, your paines

Shall be well spared, and your deepe eloquence

Be worthily applauded among those

Which vnderstand you. *Law.* My good Lord. *Fra.* Sir,

Put vp your papers in your fustian bag, *Francisco speakes this*

Cry mercy fir, 'tis buckeram, and accept *as in scorne.*

My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

Law. I most graduatically thanke your Lordship.

I shall haue vse for them eifewhere.

Mon. I shall be playner with you, and paint out

Your follies in more naturall red and white,

Then that vpon your cheek. *Vit.* O you mistake,

You raise a blood as noble in this cheek

As euer was your mothers.

Mon. I must spare you, till prooffe cry whore to that;

Obferue this creature here my honoured Lords,

A woman of a most prodigious spirit

In her effected. *Vit.* My honorable Lord,

It doth not sute a reuerend Cardirall

To play the Lawyer thus.

Mon. Oh your trade instructs your language!

You see my Lords what goodly fruite she seemes,

Yet like those apples travellers report

To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* stood.

I will but touch her, and you straight shall see,

Shéele fall to soote and ashes.

Vit. Your muchom'd Apothecary should doo't

Mon. I am resolved.

Were there a second paradise to loose,

This Diuell would betray it. *Vit.* O poore charity!

Thou art seldome found in scarlet.

Mon. Who knowes not how, when seuerall night by night

Her gates were choak't with coaches, and her roomes.

Vittoria Corombona.

Out-brau'd the Stars with feuerall kinde of lights,
When she did counterfet a Princes Court.
In Musicke, Banquets, and most ryotous surfets:
This whore fortooth was holy.

Vit. Ha? who? what's that?

Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall;
I'll giue their perfect character. They are first:
Sweet meates which rot the eater: In mans nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are cozning Alchimy,
Shipwrackes In calmest weather? What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true materiall fire of Hell,
Worse then those tributes i'th Low-Countries payd,
Exactions vpon meat, drinke, garments, sleepe.
I euen on mans perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle Euidences of law
Which forfeite all a wretched mans estate
For leauing out one syllable, What are whores?
They are those flattering Bels haue all one tune.
At weddings and at funerals, your rich whores
Are onely treasures by extortion filld,
And emptied by curs'd ryot. They are worse,
Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at th'gallowes,
And wrought vpon by Surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. Whats a whore?
Shee's like the gilt counterfeted coine,
Which who so ere first stampes it, brings in trouble
All that receiue it. *Vit.* This character scapes me.

Mon. You gentlewoman?

Take from all beastes, and from all minerals
Their deadly poison: *Vit.* Well what then? *Mon.* Ile tell thee,
Ile finde in thee an Apothecaries shop,
To sample them all. *F. Emb.* Shee hath liued ill,
E. Emb. True, but the Cardinal's too bitter.

Mon. You know what Whore is next the Diuell; adultery;
Enters the Diuell, murder. *Fro.* Your vnhappy husband

Vittoria Corombona.

Is dead. *Vit.* O hee's a happy husband,
Now he owes Nature nothing.

Fra. And by a vaulting engine. *Mon.* An active plot,
He iumpt into his graue. *Fra.* What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yardes high a slender man (more,
Should breake his necke? *Mon.* Ich'rushes. *Fra.* And what's
Vpon the instant, loose all vse of speech,
All vitall motion, like a man had layen
Wound vp three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.

Mon. And looke vpon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widdow: she comes arm'd
With scorne and impudence: Is this a mourning habit;

Vit. Had I foreknowne his death as you suggest,
I would haue bespoke my mourning.

Mon. O you are cunning.

Vit. You shame your wit, and iudgement,
To call it foe; what, is my iust defence
By him that is my iudge call'd impudence?
Let me appeale then from this Christian Court
To the vnciuill Tartar. *Mon.* See my Lords,
Shee scandals our proceedings. *Vit.* Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy, and respected
Leiger Embassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation
That my defence of force like *Perseus*,
Must personate masculine vertue to the point.
Finde mee but guilty, seuer head from body:
Wee'l part good friends: I scorne to hold my life
At yours, or any mans intreaty, sir.

E.Emb. She hath a braue spirit.

Mon. Well, well, such counterfet Iewels
Make true ones oft suspected. *Vit.* You are deceiued.
For know, that all your strict combined heades
Which strike against this Mine of Diamondes,
Shall proue but glassen hammers, they shall breake,
These are but faigned shaddowes of my euils.

Terrified

Vittoria Corombona.

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted Devils,
I am past such needlesse palsy, for your names,
Of Whore and Murtheresse they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The rith returne's in's face.

Mont. Pray yon Mistresse, satisfy me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your rooffe that fatall night
Your husband brake his necke? *Bra.* That question
Inforceth me breake silence, I was there.

Mont. Your basinesse? *Bra.* Why I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you my Lo d. *Mont.* He was.

Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd,
That you would cosen her. *Mont.* Who made you overseer?

Bra. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows. *Mont.* Your lust.

Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest. Sirrah Priest,
He talke with you hereafter, ——— Doe you heare?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
Pie sheath in your owne bowels:

There are a number of thy coate resemble
Your common post-boyes *Mont.* Ha?

Bra. Your mercenary post-boyes:
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with grosse and impudent lies.

Ser. My Lord, your gowne.

Bra. Thou liest 'twas my stoole.
Bestow't vpon thy maister, that will challenge
The rest a'th household-stuffe, for *Brachiano*
Was nere so beggarly, to take a stoole
Out of anothers lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or a demy foote-cloth,
For his most reuerent moile, *Monticels*;

Nemo me impune lacessit.

Exit Brachiano.

Mont. Your Champions gon.

Vit.

Victoria Corombona

Vit. The wolfe may prey the better.

Fra. My Lord there's great suspition of the murder,
But no found prooffe who did it : for my part
I doe not thinke she hath a soule so blacke
To act a deed so bloody, if she haue
As in cold countries husbandmen plant Vines,
And with warme blood manure them, euen so
One summer she will beare vsauory fruite,
And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.
The act of bloud let passe, onely descend,
To matter of incontinence. *Vit.* I decerne poison,
Vnder your guilded pills.

Mon. Now the Duke's gon. I will produce a letter,
Wherein't was plotted, her and you should meete,
At an Apothecaries summer-house.

Downe by the riuer Tiber : view't my Lords :
Where after wanton bathing and the heate
Of a lasciuious banquet. — I pray read it,
I shame to speake the rest. *Vit.* Grant I was tempted
Temptation to lust proues not the act,
Castæ est quam nemo rogauit,

You reade his hot loue to me, but you want
My frosty answere. *Mon.* Frosti'th dog-das'trangel
Vit. Condemne you me for that the Duke did loue me
So may you blame some faire and christall riuer
For that some melancholike distracted man,
Hath drown'd himselfe in't. *Mon.* Truly drown'd indeed.

Vit. Summe vp my faults I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomacke to feast, are all,
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with :
In faith my Lord you might goe pistall flies,
The sport would be more noble. *Mon.* Very good.

Vit. But take you your course, it seemes you haue begger'd me
And now would faine vndoe me, I haue houses, (first
Jewels, and a poore remnant of Crusado's,
Would those would make you charitable. *Mon.* If the Diuill
Did euer take good shape behold his picture.

Vittoria Corombana.

Vit. You haue one vertue left,
You will not flatter me. *Fra.* Who brought this letter?

Vit. I am not compell'd to tell you.

Mon. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand duckets,
Thetwelfth of August. *Vit.* 'Twas to keepe your Cousin
From prison, I paid vse for't. *Mon.* I rather thinke,
'Twas interest for his lust.

Vit. Who saies so but your selfe? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my Iudge; come from the Bench,
Giue in your euidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be Moderators; My Lord Cardinall,
Were your intelligencing eares as louing
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.

Mon. Go to, go to.

After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,
I'll giue you a choake pear. *Vit.* A' your owne grafting?

Mon. You were borne in Venice, honourably descended
From the Vittelli; 'twas my Cousins fate,
Ill may I name the houre to marry you,
Hee bought you of your father. *Vit.* Ha?

Mon. He spent there in fixe monthes
Twelue thousand Duckets, and to my acquaintance,
Receiu'd in dowry with you not one *Julio*.
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you haue continued. *Vit.* My Lord.

Mon. Nay heare me,
You shall haue time to prate my Lord *Brachiano*:
Alas I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary, and Ryaltotanke,
And ballated, and would bee plaid o'th stage,
But that vice many times findes such lou'd friends.
That Preachers are charm'd silent.
You Gentlemen *Flamineo* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,

Vittoria Corombona.

Onely you must remaine vpon your sureties,
For your appearance. *Fra.* I stand for *Marcello*.

Fla. And my Lord Duke for me.

Mon. For you *Vittoria*, your publike fault,
Ioynd to 'th condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pittie:
Such a corrupted triall haue you made
Both of your life and beauty, and bene stil'd
No lesse an ominous fate, then Blazng Starres
To Princes, heare your sentence, you are confin'd,

Vit. Vnto a house of conuerts and your baud.

Fla. Who I? *Mon.* The *Moore*,

Fla. O, I am a sound man againe.

Vit. A house of conuerts, what's that?

Mon. A house of penitent whoores.

Vit. Do the Noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wiues, that I am sent
To lodge there? *Fra.* You must haue patience.

Vit. I must first haue vengeance.

I faine would know if you haue your saluation
By patent, that you proceed thus, *Mon.* Away with her,
Take her hence. *Vit.* A rape. a rape. *Mon.* How?

Vit. Yes, you haue rauish't Iustice,
Forc't her to do your pleasure. *Mon.* Fye shee's mad,

Vit. Dye with these pills in your most curst mawe
Should bring you health, or while you sit o'rth Bench,
Let your owne spittle choake you. *Mon.* Shee's turn'd Fury.

Vit. That the last day of iudgement may so finde you
And leaue you the same deuill you were before;
Instruct me some good horse-leach to speake treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O womans poore reuenge
Which dwels but in the tongue I will not weepe,
No I do scorne to call vp one poore teare
To fawne on your iniustice, beare me hence,
Vnto this house of what's your mitigating Tittle?

Mon. Of conuerts. *Vit.* It shall not bee a house of conuerts

Vittoria Corombona.

My minde shall make it honest to me
Then the Popes Pallace, and more peaceable
Then thy soule, though thou art a Cardinall,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkeness Diamonds spread their richest light.

Enter Brachiano.

Exit Vittoria.

Bra. Now you and I are friends sir, wee'l shake hands,
In a friends graue, together, a fit place,
Being the embleme of soft peace t'attone our hatred.

Fra. Sir, what's the matter?

Bra. I will not chase more blood from that lou'd cheek,
You haue lost too much already, fare-you-well.

Fra. How strange these words sound? what's the interpretation?

Fla. Good, this is a preface to the discovery of the Dutches death: Hee carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will fayne a mad humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keepe off idle questions, Treasons tongue with a villanous palse in't, I will talk to any man, heare no man, and for a time appeare a politticke mad-man.

Enter Giomanni, Count Lodovico.

Fra. How now my Noble cousin, what in blacke?

Gio. Yes Vncle, I was taught to imitate you
In vertue and you must imitate me
In coloures of your garments, my sweete mother
Is. *Fra.* How? Where?

Gio. Is there no yonder, indeed sir i'll not tell you,
For I shall make you weepe. *Fra.* Is dead.

Gio. Doe not blame me now,
I did not tell you so. *Lod.* Shee's dead my Lord.

Fra. Dead? *Mon.* Blessed Lady;
Thou art now above thy woes,
Wilt please your Lordships to with-draw a little.

Gio. What do the dead do, vncle? do they eate,
Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and be merry, as we that liue?

Fra. No cose; they sleepe.

Gio. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I haue not slept these fixe nights. When doe they wake?

Fra.

Vittoria Corombona.

Fran. When God shall please.
Good God let her sleepe euer.

Gio. For I haue knowne her wake an hundreth nights,
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to complaine to you Sir.
He tell you how they haue vsed her now shees dead:
They wrapt her in a cruell fould of lead,
And would not let mee kisse her. *Fran.* Thou didst loue her.

Gio. I haue often heard her say shee gaue mee sucke,
And it should seeme by that shee deerely lou'd mee,
Since Princes seldome doe it.

Fran. O, all of my poore sister that remaines!
Take him away for Gods sake. *Mon.* How now my Lord?

Fran. Beleeue mee I am nothing but her graue,
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie,
Longer then thousand Epitaphs. *Enter Flamineo as distracted.*

Fla. Wee indure the strokes like anuiles or hard Steele,
Till paine it selfe make vs no paine to feele.
Who shall doe mee right now? Is this the end of seruice? Ide
rather go weede garlicke; trauaile through France, and be mine
owne ostler; weare sheepe-skin lininges; or shoos that stinke of
blacking; bee entred into the list of the fourtiethousand pedlars
in Poland, *Enter Sauoy*

Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at Venice, built
vpon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had seru'd *Brachiano.*

Sau. You must haue comfort.

Fla. Your comfortable wordes are like honie. They rellish
well in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded
they go downe as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they
haue wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not
seeme to doe it of malice In this a Polititian imitates the
deuill, as the deuill imitates a Canon. Wherefoeuer he comes to
doe mischiefe, he comes with his backside towards you.

Enter the French.

Fre. The proofes are euident.

Fla. Proote I t'was corruption. O Gold, what a God art
thou! and O man, what a deuill art thou to be tempted by that

Vittoria Corombona.

curs'd Minerall ! You diuersiuolent Lawyer ; marke him, knaues
turne informers, as maggots turne to flies, you may catch gud-
geons with either. A Cardiaall ! I would hee wou'd heare mee,
there's nothing so holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it,
like victuals vnder the Line, You are happie in England, my Lord;
here they sell iustice with those weights they presse men to
death with. Oh horrible salarie !

Eng. Fic, sic. Flamineo.

Fla. Beis neere ring well, till they are at their full pitch,
And I hope, yon Cardiaall shall neuer haue the grace to pray
well, till he come to the scaffold.

• If they were rackt now to know the confederacie ! But your
Noblemen are priuiledg'd from the racke ; and well may ; For
a little thing would pull some of them a peeces, afore they came
to their arraignment. Religion ; oh how it is commeddled with
politic. The first bloudshed in the world happened about re-
ligion. Would I were a Iew. *Mar.* O, there are too many.

Ila. You are decei'd. There are not Iewes enough ;
Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. *Mar.* How ?

Fla. He proue it, For if there were Iewes enough, so many
Christians wou'd not turne Vsurers ; if Priests enough, one
should not haue sixe Benefices ; and if Gentlemen enough, so
many earlie mushrooms, whose best growth sprang from a
dunghill, should not aspire to Gentilitie. Farewell. Let others
liue by begging, Bee thou one of them ; practize the art of *Wol-*
nor in England to swallow all's giuen thee ; and yet let one pur-
gation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in a
law-pit. He go heare the scritch-owle. *Exit.*

Lod. This was *Brachiano's* Pandar, and 'tis strange
That in such open, and apparant guilt
Of his adulterous sister, hee dare vtter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him. *Enter Flamineo*

Fla. How dares this banish't Count returne to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchast ? I haue heard
The deccast Dutchesse gaue him pension,
And that hee came along from Padua
I'th' traine of the yong Prince. There's somewhat in't.

Phisitians

Vittoria Corombona.

Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke
With counter-poysons.

Mar. Marke this strange encounter.

Fla. The God of Melancholy turne thy gall to poyson,
And let the stigmaticke wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waues in a rough tide
One still ouertake another. *Lod.* I doe thanke thee,
And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake,
The Dog-daies all yeare long.

Fla. How croakes the Rauen?

Is our good Dutcheffe dead? *Lod.* Dead. *Fla.* O fate!
Misfortune comes like the Crowners businesse,
Huddle vpon huddle. *Lod.* Shalt thou and I ioyne house-keeping?

Fla. Yes content.

Let's be vnsociably sociable.

Lod. Sit some three dayes together, and discourse.

Fla. Onely with making faces;
Lie in our clothes. *Lod.* With faggots for our pillowes.

Fla. And bee low sie.

Lod. In taffeta lininges; that's Gentile melancholy,
Sleepe all day. *Fla.* Yes: and like your melancholy hare
Feed after midnight.

We are obserued: see how you couple griue.

Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing foole,
As if man were created to no vse
But onely to shew his teeth. *Fla.* Ile tell thee what,
It would doe well instead of looking glasses,
To set ones face each morning by the sawcer
Of a witches congealed blood. *Lod.* Pretious gue.
Wee'l neuer part. *Fla.* Neuer, till the beggery of Courtiers,
The discontent of Church-men, want of Souldiers
And all the creatures that hang manacled,
Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie
Of fortunes wheele, be taught in our two lines *Enter Antouelli.*
To scorne that world which life of meanes deprives.

An. My Lord, I bring good newes. The Pope on's death-bed,
At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence.

Hath

Vinoria Corembona.

Hath sign'd your pardon, and re stor'd vnto yet.

Lod. I thanke you for your new es. Looke vp againe
Flamino, see my pardon. *Fla.* Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our covenant. *Lod.* Why?

Flam. You shall not seeme a happier man then I,
You know our vowe fir, if you will be merry,
Do it i'th like posture, as if some great man
Sate while his enemy were executed;
Though it be very letchery vnto thee,
Doe't with a sabby Politicians face.

Lod. Your sister is a damnable whore. *Fla.* Ha?

Lod. Looke you; I spake that laughing.

Fla. Dost euer thinke to speake againe?

Lod. Do you heare?

Wil't sell me fourty ounces of her blood,
To water a mandrake? *Fla.* Poore Lord, you did vow
To liue a lowzy creature. *Lod.* Yes; *Fla.* Like one
That had for euer forfeited the day light,
By being in debt. *Lod.* Ha, ha!

Fla. I doe not greatly wonder you doe breake
Your Lordship learn't long since. But ile tell you,

Lod. What? *Fla.* And't shall sticke by you.

Lod. I long for it.

Fla. This laughter scruilly becomes your face,
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. *Strikes him.*
See now I laugh too.

Mar. You are to blame, ile force you hence.

Lod. Vnhande me:

Exit Mar. & Fla.

That ere I should be forc't to right my selfe,
Vpon a pandar. *Ant.* My Lord.

Lod. H' had bin as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.

Ga. How this shewes!

Lod. Vds' death, how did my sword misse him?
These rogues that are most weary of their liues,
Still scape the greatest dangers.

A pox vpon him: all his reputation;

Nay all the goodnesse of his family;

Vittoria Corombona.

Is not worth halfe this earthquake.
I learn't it of no Fencer to shake thus ;
Come, I'll forget him, and goe drink some wine.

Exeunt.

Enter Francisco and Montiselfo.

Mon. Come, come my Lord vntie your foulded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a Brides haire.
Your sister's poysoned.

Fra. Farre bee it from my thoughts
To seeke reuenge.

Mon. What, are you turn'd all marble ?

Fra. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre
Most burthenfome on my poore subiects neckes,
Which at my will I haue not power to end ?
You know : for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of warre,
He that vniustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall finde it in his graue, and in his seed,

Mon. That's not the course I'd e wish you: pray, obserue me,
We see that vndermining more preuailes
Then doth the Canon. Beare your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Camel
Stalke o're your back vnbruif'd: sleep with the Lyon,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th'bloody audit, and the fatall gripe:
Aime like a cunning fowler, close on eye,
That you the better may your game espy.

Fra. Free me my innocence from treacherous actes:
I know ther's thunder yonder: and I'll stand,
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountaine: since I know
Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.
To passe away these thoughts, my honour'd Lord,
It is reported you possesse a booke,
Wherein you haue quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders

G

Larkin

Vittoria Corombona.

Lurking about the Citty. *Mon.* Sir I doe;
And some there are which call it my blacke booke:
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not
The Art of coniuring, yet in it lurke,
The names of many diuels. *Fra.* Pray let's see it.

Mon. I'll fetch it to your Lordship.

Fra. Monticelso,

Exit Monticelso.

I will not trust thee, but in all my plots,
I'll rest as iea'lous, as a Towne besieg'd
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act,
Your flaxe soone kindles, soone is out againe,
But gold slow heat's, and long will hot remaine.

Mon. 'Tis here my Lord.

Enter Mont. presents

Fra. First, your Intelligencers, pray let's see. *Fra. with a booke.*

Mon. Their number rises strangely;

And some of them

You'd take for honest men.

Next are Panders.

These are your Pirates: and these following leaues,

For base rogues that vndoe yong Gentlemen

By taking vp commodities: for politike bankrupts,

For fellowes that are bawdes to their owne wiues

Onely to put off hoises and slight iewels,

Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,

At birth of their first children. *Fra.* Are there such?

Mon. These are for impudent bawdes,

That goe in mens apparrell: for vsurers

That share with scriueners for their good reportage:

For Lawyers that will antedate their writts:

And some Diuines you might finde folded there;

But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.

Here is a generall catalogue of knaues,

A man might study all the prisons o're,

Yet neuer attaine this knowledge, *Fra.* Murderers:

Fold downe the leafe I pray;

Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.

Mon. Pray, vs't my Lord.

Fra.

Vittoria Corombona

Fra. I doe assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy member of the State,
And haue done infinite good in your discouery
Of these offenders. *Mon.* Somewhat Sir. *Fra.* O God!
Better then tribute of wolues paid in *England*,
I will hang their skins o'th hedge.

Mon. I must make bold
To leaue your Lordship. *Fra.* Deere sir, I thanke you,
If any aske for me at Court, report,
You haue left me in the company of knaues. *Exit Mon.*
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my Lords Officer, one that lately skip't
From a Clarke's deske vp to a Iustices chaire,
Hath made this knauish summons; and intendes,
As th' Irish rebels were wont to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens:
Your poore rogues pay for't, which haue not meanes
To present bribe in it; the rest o'th' band
Are raz'd out of the knaues record; or else,
My Lord he winkes at them with easy will,
His man growes rich, the knaues are the knaues still.
But to the vse i'll make of it; it shall serue
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villany. Did I want
Ten leash of Curtizans, it would furnish me;
Nay, lawndresse three Armies. That in so little paper
Should see th' vndoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted vse some make of bookes:
Diuinity, wrested by some factious bloud,
Drawes swords, swels battailes, and or'ethrowes all good:
To fashion my reuenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sisters face:
Call for her picture: no; i'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholique thought i'll frame

Enter Isabella's Ghost:

Her figure 'fore me. Now I ——— haue how strong
imagination

Vittoria Corombona.

Imagination workes! how she can frame
Things which are not! she thinks she stands afore me
And by the quicke Idea of my minde,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtrill iugler, makes vs deeme
Things, supernaturall, which haue cause
Common as sicknesse. 'Tis my melancholy,
How can'st thou by thy death? — how idle am I
To question mine owne idlenesse? — did euer
Man dreame awake till now? — remooue this object
Out of my braine with't: what haue I to doe
With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,
That haue to meditate vpon reuenge?
So now 'tis ended, like an old wiues story.
States-men thinke often they see stranger sights
Then mad-men. Come, to this waightry businesse.
My Tragedy must haue some idle mirth in't,
Else it will neuer passe. I am in loue,
In loue with *Corombona*; and my suite
Thus haltes to her in verse. —
I haue done it rarely: O the fate of Princes!
I am so vs'd to frequent flattery, *hee writes*
That being alone, I now flatter my selfe;
But it will serue, 'tis seal'd; beare this *Enter seruant.*
To th' house of Conuerts; and watch your leisure
To giue it to the hands of *Corombona*,
Or to the Matron, when some followers
Of *Brachiano* may bee by. Away *Exit seruant.*
He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow:
When a mans head goes through, each limme will follow.
The engine for my busines, bold Count *Lodowicke*:
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
With empty fist no man do falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter:
Like the wild Irish I'll nere thinke thee dead
Till I can play at footeball with thy head.
Electere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo.

*Exit Mon.
Enter*

Vittoria Corombona.

Enter the Matron, and Flaminio.

Mat. Should it be knowne the Duke hath such recourse
To your imprison'd sister, I were like
T'incur much damage by it. *Fla.* Not a scruple.
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other businesse
Then guarding of a Ladie.

Enter servant.

Ser. Yonder's *Flaminio* in conference
With the Matrone. Let mee speake with you;
I would intreat you to deliuer for mee
This letter to the faire *Vittoria*.

Mat. I shall Sit.

Enter Brachiano.

Ser. With all care and secrecie;
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receiue
Thanks for this curtesie. *Fla.* How now? what's that?

Mar. A letter. *Fla.* To my sister: I'll see't deliuered.

Bra. What's that you reade *Flaminio*? *Fla.* Looke.

Bra. Ha? To the most vnfortunate, his best respected *Vittoria*.
Who was the messenger? *Bla.* I know not,

Bra. No! Who sent it!

Fla. Vd's foot, you speake, as if a man
Should know, what foule is coffin'd in a bake't meate
Afore you cut it vp.

Bra. I'll open't, were't her heart. What's heere subscribed.
This iugling is grosse and palpable. (Florence?)
I haue found out the conueyance; reade it, reade it.

Fla. Your teares I'll turne to triumphes, bee but mine:
Your prop is fall'n; I pittie, that a vine,
Which Princes heretofore haue long'd to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would serue his turne.
Your sad imprisonment I'll soone uncharme,
And with a princelie uncontrolled arme
Lead you to Florence, where my loue and care
Shall hang your wishes in my siluer haire.
A halter on his strange cequiucation.
Nor for my yeares returne me the sad willow,

Vittoria Corombona

Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow.

Rotten on my knowledge, with lying too long i'th bed-strow;

And all the lines of age this line conuinces:

The Gods neuer waxe old, no more doe Princes.

A pox on't, teare it, let's haue no more Atheists for Gods sake.

Bra. Vdi' death, i'll cut her into Atomes,
And let th' irregular North-winde sweepe her vp,
And blow her int' his Nostrils. Where's this whore?

Fla. That? what doe you call her?

Bra. Oh, I could be mad;

Preuent the curst disease shee'l bring me to;
And teare my haire off. Where's this changeable Ruffe?

Fla. O re head and cares in water, I assure you,
Shee is not for your wearing. *Bra.* ce'n you Pander?

Fla. What me, my Lord, am I your dog?

Bra. A bloud-hound: doe you braue? doe you stand me?

Fla. Stand you? let those that haue diseases, run;
I need no plaister. *Bra.* Would you be kick't?

Fla. Would you haue your necke broke?

I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;

My shins must be kept whole. *Bra.* Do you know me?

Fla. O, my Lord! methodically.

As in this world there are degrees of euils:

So in this world there are degrees of Deuils.

You'r a great Duke: I your poore secretary.

I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.

Bra. Pander, plie your conuoy, and leaue your prating.

Fla. All your kindnesse to me is like that miterable curtesie of
Polyphemus to *Vlysses*, you reserue mee to bee deuour'd last; you
would dig turnes out of my graue to feede your Larkes: that
would be musicke to you. Come i'll lead you to her.

Bra. Doe you face mee?

Fla. O Sir I would not goe before a Politike enemy with my
backe towards him, though there were behind mee a whirle-
poole. *Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.*

Bra. Can you reade, Mistresse? looke vpon that letter:
There are noe characters, nor Hieroglyphicks.

You

Vittoria Corombona.

You need no comment, I am growne your receiuer,
Gods pretious, you shall be a braue great Lady,
A stately, and aduanced whore. *Vit.* Say Sir,

Bra. come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discover
Your treasure of loue-letters. Death and Furies,
I see them all. *Vit.* Sir vpon my soule,
I haue not any, Whence was this directed?

Bra. Confusion on your politicke ignorance.
You are reclaimed? are you? I'll giue you the bells,
And let you flie to the Deuill. *Fla.* Ware hawke, my Lord,

Vit. Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord
To me, he nere was louely I protest,
So much as in my sleepe. *Bra.* Right: they are plots.

Your beauty! O, ten thousand curses on't.
How long haue I beheld the Deuill in Christall?

Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers,
To my eternall ruine. Woman to man

Is eyther a God or a wolfe. *Vit.* My Lord. *Bra.* Away.

Wee'l bee as differing as two Adamants;
The one shall shun the other. What do'st weepe?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,

Wee'l furnish all the Irish funerals

With howling, past wild Irish. *Fla.* Fie, my Lord.

Bra. That hand, that cursed hand, which I haue wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest Dutchesse,

How lonely art thou now! thy loose thoughts

Scatter like quick-silver, I was bewitch'd;

For all the world speakes ill of thee. *Vit.* No matter.

I'll liue so now, I'll make that world recant,

And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchesse.

Bra. Whose death God pardon.

Vit. Whose death God reuenge

On thee most godlesse Duke. *Fla.* Now for the whirlwindes.

Vit. What haue I gain'd by thee but infamy?

Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my house

And frighted thence noble society:

Like

Vittoria Corombona.

Like those, which sicke 'oth 'Palsie, and retaine
Ill-senting foxes'bout them, are still shun'd
By those of choicer nostrills. What doe you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the Iudge stile it
A house of penitent whores? who sent mee to it?
Who hath the honour to aduance *Vittoria*
To this incontinent colledge? is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag,
How many Ladies you haue vndone, like me.
Fare you well sir; let me heare no more of you.
I had a limme corrupted to an vicer,
But I haue cut it off: and now i'll goe
Weeping to heauen one crutches. For your giftes,
I will returne them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full Executor
To all my finnes: O that I could toss my selfe
Into a graue as quickly: for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one teare more;—He burst first. *She throwes her*

Bra. I haue drunke Lethe: *selfe vpon a bed.*

Vittoria! My dearest happinesse! *Vittoria!*

What doe you aile my loue? why doe you weepe?

Vit. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you see.

Bra. Are not those matchlesse eyes, mine? *Vit.* I had rather
They were not matchles. *Bra.* Is not this lip, mine?

Vit. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather then giue it thee.

Fla. Turne to my Lord, good sister.

Vit. Hence you Pandar.

Fla. Pandar! Am I the author of your sinne?

Vit. Yes: Hee's a base thiefe that a thiefe lets in.

Fla. Wee're blowne vp, my Lord.

Bra. Wilt thou heare me?

Once to be iealous of thee, is't expresse

That I will loue thee euerlastingly.

And neuer more be iealous. *Vit.* O thou foole,
whose greatnesse hath by much oregrowne thy wit!
What dar'st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy where? for that;

Vittoria Corombona.

In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make
A bonefire. *Fla.* O, no othes for gods sake.

Bra. Will you heare me? *Vit.* Neuer.

Fla. What a damn'd impostume is a womans will,
Can nothing breake it; fie, fie, my Lord.

Women are caught as you take Tortoises,
Shee must be turn'd on her backe. Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you haue wrong'd her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,
To thinke the Duke of Florence would loue her?

Will any Mercer take an others ware
When once 'tis tows'd and sullied? And yet, sister,
How scruily this frowardnesse becomes you.

Yong Leuerets stand not long, and womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport:

A full crie for a quarter of an houre:

And then bee put to th' dead quat. *Bra.* Shall these eyes,

Which haue so long time dwelt vpon your face,

Be now put out? *Fla.* No cruell Land-lady i'th' world,

Which lend's forth groates to broome-men, & takes use for the,
VVould doe't.

Hand her, my Lord, and kisse her: bee not like

A ferret to let goe your hold with blowing.

Bra. Let vs renew right handes. *Vit.* Hence.

Bra. Neuer shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,
Make me commit like fault.

Fla. Now you are i'th way on't, follow't hard.

Bra. Be thou at peace with me: let all the world
Threaten the Canon. *Fla.* Marke his penitence.

Best natures doe commit the grossest faults,
VVhen they're giu'n o're to ieaiousie: as best wine
Dying makes strongest vineger. Ile tell you:

The Sea's more rough and raging, then calme riuers,
But not so sweet, nor wholesome. A quiet woman

Is a still water vnder a great bridge.

A man may shoot her safely, *Vit.* O yee dissembling men!

Fla. VVee suck't that, sister, from womens breasts, in our

H

first

Vittoria Corombona.

first infancy. *Vit.* To adde misery to misery. *Bra.* Sweetest.

Vit. Am I not low enough?

I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
Now your affection's cold. *Fla.* Vds' foot, it shall melt
To a heart againe, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th lees for't.

Vit. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I haue bin. Ple speake not one word more.

Fla. Stop her mouth,
With a sweet kisse, my Lord.
So now the tide's turn'd, the vessel's come about,
Hee's a sweet arme full. O we curld-hair'd men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.

Bra. That you should chide thus!

Fla. O, sir, your little chimnies
Doe euer cast most smoke. If sweat for you,
Couple together with as deepe a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse.
My Lord supply your promises with deedes.
You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.

Bra. Stay ingratefull Rome.

(vsage)

Fla. Rome! it deserues to be cal'd Barbary, for our villainous

Bra. Soft; the same project which the Duke of Florence,
(Whether in Loue or gullery I know not)
Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.

Fla. And no time fitter then this night, my Lord;
The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entred
The Conclaue, for th' electing a new Pope;
The Citty in a great confusion;
We may attire her in a Pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine
For Padua.

Bra. Instantly steale forth the Prince *Giouanni*,
And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother,
And yong *Marcello* that attends on Florence,
If you can worke him to it, follow mee;
I will aduance you all: for you *Vittoria*,

Think

Vittoria Corombona.

Thinke of a Dutcheſſes title. *Fla.* Loe you ſiſter.

Stay, my Lord; I'll tell you ſ tale. The Crocodile, which liues in the riuer *Nilus*, hath a worme breeds i'th teeth of't, which puts it to extreame anguiſh: a little bird, no bigger then a wren, is barber-ſurgeon to this Crocodile; flies into the iawes of't, pickes out the worme; and brings preſent remedy. The fiſh, glad of eaſe, but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird my not talke largely of her abroad for non-payment, cloſeth her chaps intending to ſwallow her, and ſo put her to perpetuall ſilence. But nature loathing ſuch ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill or pricke on the head, top o'th which wounds the Crocodile i'th mouth; forceth her open her bloody priſon; and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

Bra. Your application is; I haue not rewarded The ſernice you haue done me. *Fla.* No, my Lord; You ſiſter are the Crocodile: you are blemiſht in your fame, My Lord cures it. And though the compariſon hold not in euery particle; yet obſerue, remember, what good the bird with the pricke i'th head hath done you; and ſcorne ingratitude. It may appeare to ſome, ridiculous

Thiſ to talke knaue and madman; and ſometimes Come in with a dried ſentence, ſtuft with ſage.

But this allowes my varying of ſhapes,

Knaues do grow great by being great mens apes

Exeunt.

Enter Francisco, Lodouico, Gaſper, and ſixe Embaſſadours.

At another doore the Duke of Florence.

Fra. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence. Guard well the conclaue, and, as the order is, Let none haue conference with the Cardinals.

Lod. I ſhall, my Lord: roome for the Embaſſadors;

Gas. They're wondrous braue to day: why do they weare Theſe ſeuerall habits? *Lod.* O ſir, they'r Knights Of ſeuerall Orders.

That Lord i'th blacke cloake, with the ſiluer croſſe, Iſ Knight of *Rhodes*; the next, Knight of *S. Michael*; That, of the golden ſleece; the *French-man* there, Knight of the Holy-Ghoſt; my Lord of *Sauoy*

Vittoria Corombona.

Knight of 'th Annuntiation; the *Englishman*
Is Knight of th' honored Garter, dedicated
Vnto their Saint, *S. George*. I could describe to you
Their seuerall institutions, with the lawes
Annexed to their orders; but that time
Permits not such discouery.

Fra. Where's Count *Lodowicke*? *Lod.* Here my Lord.

Fra. 'Tis o'th point of dinner time,
Marshall the Cardinals seruice, *Lod.* Sir I shall.
Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

*Enter ser-
uants with se-
uerall dishes
couered.*

Ser. For my Lord Cardinall *Monticello*,

Lod. Whose this?

Ser. For my Lord Cardinall of *Burbon*.

Fra. Why doth he search the dishes? to obserue
What meat is drest? *Eng.* No Sir, but to preuent.
Least any letters should be conuei'd in,
To bribe or to sollicite the aduancement
Of any Cardinall, when first they enter
'Tis lawfull for the Embassadours of Princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their Prince affecteth best;
But after, till a generall election,
No man may speake with them.

Lod. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals,
Open the window, and receiue their viands.

A Car. You must returne the seruice; the *L. Cardinals*
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,
They haue giuen o're scrutinie, and are fallen
To admiration, *Lod.* Away, away.

Fra. I'll lay a thousand Duckets you heare newes *A Cardinal*
Of a Pope presently, Hearke; sure hee's elected: *on he Tarras*
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appeares
On the Church battlements.

Arragon. *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reuerendissimus,
Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticello electus est in sedem Apostolicam
& elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.*

Omnes. *Vivat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.*

Ser

Vittoria Corombona.

Ser. Vittoria my Lord.

Fra. Well : what of her ? Ser. Is fled the City, Fra. Ha ?

Ser, With Duke Brachiano. Fra. Fled ? Wher's the Prince

Ser, Gone with his father. (Gionanni ?

Fra. Let the Matrone of the Conuerts

Be apprehended : fled ? O damnable !

How fortunate are my wishes. Why ? 'twas this

I onely laboured. I did send the letter

T' instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond Duke,

I first haue poison'd ; directed thee the way

To marry a whore ; what can be worse ? this followes.

The hand must act, to drowne the passionate tongue,

I scorne to weare a sword, and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticelso in State.

/ Mon. *Concedimus vobis Apostolicam benedictionem, & remissionem*

My Lord reports Vittoria Corombona (peccatorum

Is stol'ne from forth the house of Conuerts

By Brachiano, and they're fled the Citty.

Now, though this be the first daie of our seate,

We cannot better please the diuine power,

Then to sequester from the holy Church

These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,

We doe denounce excommunication

Against them both : all that are theirs in Rome,

We likewise banish. Set on :

Exeunt.

Fra. Come deare Lodouico.

You haue ta'ne the sacrament to prosecute

Th' intended murder. Lod. With all constancy.

But, Sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe,

In persoⁿ, being a great Prince. Fra. Diuert me not.

Most of his Court are of my faction,

And some are of my councill. Noble friend,

Our danger shall be like in this designe,

Giue leaue, part of the glory may be mine.

Exit Fra. Enter

Monticelso.

Mon. Why did the Duke of Florence with such care
Labour your pardon ? say.

Lod. Italian beggars will resolute you that

Vittoria Corombona

Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of, *Enter Monticello.*
Doe good for their owne sakes; or't may be,
Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand:
Like Kings, who many times giue out of measure;
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.

Mon. I know you're cunning. Come, what deuill was that
That you were railing? *Lod.* Deuill, my Lord?
I aske you.

Mon. How doth the Duke imploy you, that his bonnet
Fell with such complement vnto his knee,
When hee departed from you? *Lod.* Why, my Lord,
Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse
Which he would faine haue brought to the carriere,
The' fault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,
I haue a rare French Rider. *Mon.* Take you heede:
Least the Iade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off
With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra you doe lie.
O, thou'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st threat
A violent storme. *Lod.* Stormes are 'ith aire, my Lord,
I am too low to storme. *Mon.* Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like dogges, that once get bloud, they'l euer kill.
About some murder? wa'st not? *Lod.* I'll not tell you:
And yet I care not greatly if I doe;
Marry with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I vtter
Is in confession meerely; which you know
Must neuer be reueal'd. *Mon.* You haue o'reta'ne me.
Lod. Sir I did loue *Brachiano's* Dutchesse deereley;
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she ne're knew on't. Shee was poyson'd;
Vpon my soule she was: for which I haue sworne
T'auenge her murder. *Mon.* To the Duke of Florence?
Lod. To him I haue. *Mon.* Miserable Creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Do'st thou imagin, thou canst slide on blood

And

Vittoria Corombona.

And not be tainted with a shamefull fall?
Or like the blacke, and melancholicke Ewe-tree,
Do'st thinke to roote thy selfe in dead mens graues,
And yet to prosper? instruction to thee,
Comes like sweet showers to ouer-har dned ground:
They wet, but pierce not deepe. And so I leaue thee,
Withall the Furies hanging 'bout thy necke,
Till by thy penitence thou remooue this euill,
In coniuring from thy breast that cruell Deuill.

Lod. I'll giue it o're. He saies 'tis damnable:

Exit Mon.

Besides I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of *Camillo's* death.

Enter seruant

Fra. Do you know that Count? *Ser.* Yes, my Lord. & *Francisco.*

Fra. Beare him these thousand Duckets to his lodging,
Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily
That will confirme more then all the rest. *Ser.* Sir.

Lod. To me sir?

Ser. His Holinesse hath sent you a thousand Crownes,
And wils you, if you t'uaile, to make him (manded.
Your Patron for intelligence. *Lod.* His creature euer to bee com-
Why now 'tis come about. He rai'd vpon me;
And yet these Crownes were told out, and laid ready,
Before he knew my voiage. O the Art,
The modest forme of greatnesse! that do sit
Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their look's turn'd
From the least wanton iest, their paling stomacke
Sicke of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose.
Euen acting of those hot and lustfull sports
As to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!
Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plummet,
I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th' act of blood,
There's but three Furies found in spacious hell;
But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.

A passage ouer the stage of Brachiano, Flaminceo, Marcello, Hortensio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche, and others.

Fla. In all the weary minutes of my life,

Day

Vittoria Corombona.

Day ne're broke vp till now. This marriage
Confirmes me happy. *Hor.* 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to Court?

Fla. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th Dukes closet,
I haue not seene a goodlier personage,
Nor euer talk't with man better experienc't
In State-affaires, or rudiments of warre.

He hath by report, seru'd the *Venetian*
In *Candy*, thesetwice seuen yeares, and bin chiefe
In many a bold designe. *Hor.* What are those two,
That beare him company?

Fla. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that liuing in the Emperours
seruice as commanders', eight yeares since; contrary to the ex-
pectation of all the Court, entred into religion, into the strict
order of Capuchins; but being not well settled in their vnder-
taking, they left their Order, and returned to Court: for which, be-
ing after troubled in conscience, they vowed their seruice against
the enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*: were there knighted, and
in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolved
for euer to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a
house of Capuchins in *Padua*. *Hor.* 'Tis strange.

Fla. One thing makes it so. They haue vowed for euer to weare
next their bare bodies those coates of maile they serued in.

Hor. Hard penance.

Is the Moore a Christian? *Fla.* He is.

Hor. Why proffers hee his seruice to our Duke?

Fla. Because he vnderstands, there's like to grow
Some warre betewene vs, and the Duke of Florence,
In which he hopes employment. *Enter Duke Brachiano.*

I neuer saw one in a sterne bold looke
Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt
Of our flight airy Courtiers. He talkes,
As, if he had trauail'd all the Princes Courts
Of Christendome, in all things striues t'expresse,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright

But

Vittoria Corombona.

But look't to neare, haue neither heat, nor light.
The Duke.

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Malinassar : Lodouico, Antonelli, Gaspar, Farnese, bearing their swords and helmets.

Bra. You are nobly welcome. Wee haue heard at full
Your honourable seruice 'gainst the Turke.

To you, braue *Malinassar*, we assigne
A competent pension : and are inly sorrie,
The vowes of those two worthy gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty.
Your wish is, you may leaue your warlike swordes,
For Monuments in our Chappell. I accept it
As a great honour done me, and must craue
Your leaue to furnish out our Dutchesse reuels.

Onely one thing, as the last vanity
You e're shall view, denie me not to stay
To see a Barriers prepar'd to night :
You shall haue priuate standings : It hath pleas'd
The great Ambassadors of seuerall Princes
In their returne from Rome to their owne Countries,
To grace your marriage, and to honour me
With such a kinde of sport. *Fra.* I shall perswade them
To stay, my Lord.
Set on there to the presence.

*Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo,
and Marcello.*

Car. Noble my Lord, most fortunately welcome, *The Con-*
You haue our vowes seal'd with the sacrament *spirators*
To second your attempts. *Ped.* And all things ready. *here im-*
He could not haue inuented his owne ruine, *brace.*
Had hee despair'd, with more propriety.

Lod. You would not take my way. *Fra.* 'Tis better ordered.

Lod. T'haue poison'd his prayer booke, or a paire of beades,
The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,
Or th' handle of his racket: O that, that !
That while he had bin bandying at Tennis,
He might haue sworne himselfe to hell, and strooke
His soule into the hazard ! O my Lord !
I would haue our plot be ingenious,

I

And

Vittoria Corombona.

And haue it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather then borrow example. *Fra.* There's no way
More speeding then this thought on. *Lod.* Oh then.

Fra. And yet mee thinkes, that this reuenge is poore,
Because it steales vpon him like a thiefe,
To haue taine him by the Caske in a pitch't field,
Led him to Florence ! *Lod.* It had bin rare. — And there
Haue crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlicke.
Thath showne the sharpnesse of his gouernment, *Exeunt Lodouico, Antonelli.*
And ranknesse of his lust.

Flaminio comes. *Enter Flaminio, Marcello, and Zancha.*

Mar. Why doth this deuill haunt you ? say.

Fla. I know not.

For by this light I doe not coniure for her,
Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke
To raise the deuill : for heere's one vp already,
The greatest cunning were, to lay him downe.

Mar. Shee is your shame. *Fla.* I prethee pardon her.
In faith you see, women are like to buires ;
Where their affection throwes them, theret they'l sticke.

Zan. That is my Country man, a goodly person ;
When hee's at leisure I'll discourse with him *Exit Zanche,*
In our owne language. *Fla.* I beseech you doe.
How is't braue souldier ; O that I had seene
Some of your iron daies ! I pray, relate
Some of your seruice to vs.

Fra. Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his owne Chronicle,
I did neuer wash my mouth with mine owne praise, for feare of
getting a stinking breath.

Mar. You're too Stoicall. The Duke will expect other discourse
from you.

Fra. I shall neuer flatter him, I haue studied man to much to
doe that : What difference is betweene the Duke and I ? no more
then betweene two bricke, all made of one clay. Onely't may
bee, one is plac't on the top of a turret ; the other in the bottome
of a well, by meere chance ; if I were plac't as high as the Duke,
I should sticke as fast ; make as faire a shew ; and beare out
weather.

Vittoria Corombona.

weather equally.

Fla. If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then hee would tell them stories, *Mar.* I haue bin a souldier too.

Fra. How haue you thriu'd? *Mar.* Faith, poorely.

Fra. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsidés are then respected: As shippes seeme verie great vpon the riuer, which shew verie little vpon the Seas: So some men i'th Court, seeme *Colossusses* in a chamber, who if they came into the field would appeare pittifull Pigmies.

Fla. Giue mee a faire roome yet hung with Arras, and some great Cardinall to lug mee by th'eares, as his endeared Minion.

Bra. And thou maist doe, the deuill knowes what villanie.

Fla. And safely.

Fra. Right; you shall see in the Countrie, in haruest time, pigeons, though they destroy neuer so much corne, the Farmer dare not present the fowling peece to them! why? because they belong to the Lord of the Mannor; whilest your poore sparrows, that belong to the Lord of heauen, they goe to the pot for't.

Fla. I will now giue you some politike instructions. The Duke saies, he will giue you a pension; that's but bare promise: get it vnder his hand. For I haue knowne men that haue come from seruing against the Turke; for three or foure moneths, they haue had pension to buy them new wooden legges, and fresh plaisters; but after, 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes, as if a Tormenter should giue hot cordiall drinckes to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to endure more Dogdaies. *Enter Hortensio,*

a yong Lord, Zanche, and two more.

How now, Gallants; what are they readie for the Barriers?

Y. Lord. Yes: the Lords are putting on their armour.

Hor. What's hee?

Fla. A new vp-start: one that sweares like a Falconer, and will lye in the Dukes care day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since hee came to th' Court smell worse of sweat, then an vnder tennis-court-keeper.

Hor. Looke you, yonder's your sweet Mistresse.

Vittoria Corombona.

Fla. Thou art my sworne brother: I'll tell thee, I doe loue that Moore, that Witch very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my vil any; I doe loue her, iust as a man holds a wolfe by the eares. But for feare of turning vpon mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her goe to the Deuill.

Hor. I heare she claimes marriage of thee,

Fla. Faith, I made to her some such darke promise, and in seeking to flye from't, I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off, and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious Gipsie!

Zan. I, your loue to me rather cooles then heates.

Fla. Marry, I am the sounder louer, we haue many wenches about the Towne heate too fast.

Hor. What doe you thinke of these perfum'd Gallants then?

Fla. Their fattim cannot saue them. I am confident,
They haue a certaine spice of the disease;
For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.

Zan. Beleue it! A little painting, and gay clothes,
Make you loath me.

Fla. How? loue a Lady for painting or gay apparrell? I'll vn-kennell one example more for thee. *Aesop* had a foolish dog that let goe the flesh to catch the shadow: I would haue Courtiers be better *Dishers*. *Zan.* You remember your oathes.

Fla. Louers oathes are like Mariners prayers, vttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessell leaues tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking, And yet amongst Gentlemen, protesting and drinking goe together, and agree as well as Shoemakers and West phalia-bacon. They are both drawers on: for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the mortality of your sun-burnt Gentleman. *Enter Cornelia.*

Cor. Is this your pearch, you haggard? flie to'th stewes.

Fla. You should be clapt by th' heeles now: strike i'th Court?

Zan. She's good for nothing but to make her maids
Catch cold a nights; they dare not vse a bedstaffe,
For feare of her light fingers. *Mar.* You're a strumpet.
An impudent one. *Fla.* Why doe you kicke her? say,

Doe

Vittoria Corombona.

Doe you thinke that shee's like a walnut-tree?

Must she be cudgel'd ere shee beare good fruite?

Mar. Shee brags that you shall marry her. *Fra.* What then?

Mar. I had rather she were pitcht vpon a stake

In some new-seeded garden, to affright

Her fellow crows thence. *Fla.* You'r a boy, a foole,

Be guardian to your hound; I am of age.

Mar. If I take her neere you, I'll cut her throate.

Fla. With a fan of feathers? *Mar.* and for you; I'll whip

This folly from you. *Fla.* Are you cholericke?

I'll purg't with Rubarbe. *Hor.* O your brother. *Fla.* Hang him.

Hee wrongs me most, that ought t'offend me least,

I doe suspect, my mother plaid foule play,

When she conceiu'd thee. *Mar.* Now by all my hopes,

Like the two slaughtred sonnes of Oedipus,

The very flames of our affection,

Shall turne two waies. Those words I'll make thee answere

With thy heart-bloud. *Fla.* Doe, like the gesse in the progresse,

You know where you shall finde mee, *Mar.* Very good,

And thou bee'st a noble friend, beare him my sword,

And bid him fit the length on't. *Y. Lord.* Sir I shall.

Zan. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,

I ne're lou'd my complexion till now, *Enter Francisco the*

'Cause I may boldly say without a blush, *Duke of Florence.*

I loue you. *Fla.* Your loue is vntimely sowne,

Ther's a Spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one, I am sunk

In yeares, and I haue vowed neuer to marry.

Zan. Alas! poore maides get more louers, then husbands:

Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadours

are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along

with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the

Embassadours person, nor words; yet he likes well of the present-

ment. So I may come to you in the same manner, & be better loued

for my dowry, then my vertue. *Fla.* I'll thinke on the motion.

Zan. Doe, I'll now detaine you no longer. At your better

leasure I'll tell you things shall startle your bloud.

Nor blame me that this passion I reueale;

Vittoria Corombona

Louers dye inward that their flames conceale.

Fla. Of all intelligence, this may proue the best,
Sure I shall draw strange fowle, from this foule nest.

Exeunt.

Enter Marcello, and Cornelia.

Cor. I heare a whispering all about the Court,
You are to fight, who is your opposite?

What is the quarrell? *Mar.* 'Tis an idle rumour.

Cor. Will you dissemble? sure you doe not well
To fright me thus, you neuer look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I doe charge you
Vpon my blessing; nay I'll call the Duke,
And he shall schoole you. *Mar.* Publish not a feare,
Which would conuert to laughter; 'tis not so,
Was not this Crucifix my fathers? *Cor.* Yes.

Mar. I haue heard you say, giuing my brother sucke,
Hee tooke the Crucifix betweene his hands, *Enter Flamenco,*
And broke a limme of. *Cor.* Yes: but 'tis mended.

Fla. I haue brought your weapon backe. *Flamenco runnes*
Cor. Ha, O my horror! *Marcello through.*

Mar. You haue brought it home indeed.

Cor. Helpe, oh, hee's murdered.

Fla. Doe you turne your gall vp? I'll to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. *Hor.* How? o'th ground?

Mar. O mother now remember what I told,
Of breaking of the Crucifix, farewell; *Enter. Cor Hort.*
There are some finnes, which heauen doth duly punish *Pedro.*
In a whole family. This it is to rise

By all dishonest meanes. Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keepe a steddye foote,
Whose branches spread no wilder, then the roote,

Cor. O my perpetuall sorrow! *Hor.* Vertuous *Marcello.*
Hee's dead: pray leaue him Lady; come, you shall.

Cor. Alas! he is not dead, hee's in a trance.

Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call
him againe for Gods sake. *Cor.* I would you were deceia'd

Cor. O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me. How,
many haue gone away thus, for lacke of tendance; reare, vp's head,
reare

Vittoria Corombona.

reare vp's head : His bleeding inward will kill him.

Hor. You see he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him ; giue mee him as he is, if he be turn'd to earth, let me but giue him one hearty kisse, and you shall put vs both into one coffin : fetch a looking-glasse, see if his breath will not staine it ; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lippes ; will you loose him for a little paines-taking ? *Hor.* Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas ! I would not pray for him yet. He may liue to lay mee i'th ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let me come to him.

Enter Brachiano all armed, saue the beauer ; with Flamineo.

Bra. Was this your handy-worke ?

Fla. It was my misfortune.

Cor. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him : these haue kill'd him, that would not let him be better look't too.

Bra. Haue comfort my griued mother.

Cor. O you scritch-owle. *Hor.* Forbeare good Madam.

Cor. Let me goe, let me goe.

She runs to Flamineo

The God of heauen forgie thee. Do'st not wonder *with her*
I pray for thee ? Ile tell thee what's the reason, *knife drawne and*
I haue scarce breath to number twenty minutes ; *comming to*
I de not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well, *him, let's it fall.*
Halfe of thy selfe lies there : and maist thou liue,
To fill an houre-g'asse with his mouldred ashes,
To tell, how thou should'st spend the time to come,
In blest repentance. *Bra.* Mo, her, pray tell me
How came he by his death ? what was the quarrell ?

Cor. Indeed, my yonger boy presum'd too much
Vpon his manhood ; giue him bitter wordes ;
Drew his sword first ; and so I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Iust in my bosome. *Page.* This is not true, Madam.

Cor. I pray thee peace.

Oue arrow's graz'd already ; it were vaine
T'lose this : for that will ne're bee found againe.

Bra. Goe, beare the body to *Cornelius* lodging :
And we command that none acquaint our Dutchesse

With

Vittoria Corombona.

With this sad accident: for you *Flamineo*,
Hearke you, I will not grant your pardon. *Fla.* No?

Bra. O,ely a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc'd each evening to renewe it,
ot be hang'd. *Fla.* At your pleasure.

Lodouico sprinkles Brachiano's beauer with a poison.

Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it.

Bra. You once did braue me in your sisters lodging;
I'll now keepe you in awe for't. Where's our beauer?

Fra. He calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pittie thy sad fate. now to the barriers.

This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,

The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murther. *Exeunt.*

*Charges and shouts: they fight at barriers;
first single paires, then three to three.*

Enter Brachiano and Flaminio, with others.

Bra. An Armorer? vds'death an Armorer?

Fla. Armorer; where's the Armorer?

Bra. Teare off my beauer. *Fla.* Are you hurt, my Lord?

Bra. O my braine's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*

The Helmet is poison'd. *Arm.* My Lord vpon my soule.

Bra. Away with him to torture.

There are some great ones that haue hand in this,
And neere about me. *Vit.* O my loued Lord, poysoned?

Fla. Remoue the barre: heer's vnfortunate reuels,
Call the Phisitians; a plague vpon you; *Enter 2 Phisitians.*
Wee haue too much of your cunning here already.

I feare the Ambassadors are likewise poyson'd.

Bra. Oh! I am gon already: the infection
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart!
There's such a couenant 'twene the world and it,
They're loath to breake. *Gio.* O my most loued father!

Bra. Remoue the boy away,
Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds
They were too little for thee. Must I leaue thee?
What say you scritch-owles, is the venome mortall?

Phy. Most deadly. *Bra.* Most corrupted politike hangman!

You

Vittoria Corombona.

You kill without booke, but your art to saue,
Failes you as oft, as great mens needy friends.
I that haue giuen life to offending slaues,
And wretched murderers; haue I not power
To lengthen mine owne a twelue-month?
Doe not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee.
This vnction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

Fra. Sir bee of comfort.

Bra. O thou soft naturall death, that are ioint-twin,
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,
Stares on thy milde departure: the dull Owle
Beates not against thy casement: the hoarse wolfe
Sents not thy carrion. Pitty windes thy coarse,
Whil'st horror waites on Princes. *Vit.* I am lost for euer.

Bra. How miserable a thing it is to die,
'Mongst women howling! What are those. *Fla.* *Franciscans.*
They haue brought the extreame vnction.

Bra. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible:
Withdraw into our Cabinet. *Exeunt but Francisco, and Flamines.*

Fla. To see what solitarinesse is about dying Princes. As
heretofore they haue vnpeopled Townes; diuorc't friends, and
made great houses vnospitable: so now, O iustice! where are
their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadowes of Princes
bodies, the least thicke cloud makes them inuisible.

Fra. There's great moane made for him.

Fla. 'Faith, for some few houres salt water will runne must
plentifully in euery Office o'th Court. But beleue it; most of
them doe but weepe ouer their step-mothers graue.

Bra. How meaneyou?

Fla. Why? They dissemble, as some men doe that liue
Within compasse o'th verge.

Fra. Come, you haue thriu'd well vnder him.

Fla. 'Faith, like a wolfe in a womans breast; I haue beene
fed with poultry; but for money vnderstand me, I had as good a
will to cosen him, as e're an Officer of them all. But I had not
cunning enough to doe it,

Vittoria Corombona.

Fra. What did'st thou thinke of him; 'faith, speake freely,

Fla. Hee was a kinde of Statesman, that would sooner haue reckon'd how many Canon bullets he had discharged against a Towne, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deseruing subiects hee lost before it.

Fra. O, speake well of the Duke. *Fla.* I haue done. Will't heare some of my Court-wisedome? *Enter Lodouice.* To reprehend Princes is dangerous: and to ouer-commend some of them, is palpable lying. *Fra.* How is it, with the Duke?

Lod. Most deadly ill.

Hee's fall'n into a strange distraction.
Hee talks of Battailles, and Monopolies,
Leuying of taxes, and from that, descends
To the most brain-sicke language. His minde fastens
On twentie seuerall objects, which confound
Deepe Sence with follie. Such a fearefull end,
May teach some men that beare too loftie crest,
Though they liue happiest, yet they dye not best:
He hath confer'd the whole State of the Dukedome
Vpon your sister, till the Prince arriue
At mature age. *Fla.* There's: some good lucke in that yet.

Fra. See, heere he comes *Enter Brachiano, persented in a bed.* There's death in's face already. *Vittoria, and others.*

Vit. O my good Lord! *Bra.* Away, you haue abus'd mee:
You haue conuey'd coyne forth our territories;
Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore,
And I ne're dreamt on't. Make vp your accounts;
I'le now bee mine owne Steward. *Bra.* Sir, haue patience.

Bra. Indeed, I am too blame.

For did you euer heare the duskie rauen
Chide blacknesse? or was't euer knowne, the diuell
Rai'd against ciouen Creatures. *Vit.* O my Lord?

Bra. Let mee haue some quails to supper. *Fla.* Sir, you shall.

Bra. No: some fried dog-fish. Your Quails feed on poyson,
That old dog-fox, that Polittian Florence,
I'le forswear hunting and turne dog-killer;
Rare! I'le be freinds with him; for marke you, sir, one dog

Stil.

Vittoria Corombona.

Still sets another a barking : peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slaue come in now. *Fla.* Where?

Bra Why there.

In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches,
With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha,
Looke you, his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes
with pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you know him?

Fla. No, my Lord. *Bra.* Why 'tis the Deuill,
I know him by a great rose, he weares on's shooc,
To hide his clouen foot : I'le dispute with him.
Hee's a rare linguest. *Vit.* My Lord heer's nothing.

Bra. Nothing? rare! nothing? when I want monie,
Our treasure is empty, there is nothing;
I'le not bee v's'd thus. *Vit.* O I'ye still, my Lord.

Bra. See, see, *Flammineo* that kill'd his brother,
Is dancing on the ropes there : and hee carries
A mony-bag in each hand, to keepe him euen,
For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a Lawyer
In a gowne whipt with veluet, stares and gapes
When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers !
It should haue bin in a halter.

'Tis there ; what's she! *Fla.* *Vittoria*, my Lord,

Bra. Ha, ha, ha. Her haire is sprinkled with Arras powder, that
makes her looke, as if shee had sinn'd in the Pastry. What's he?

Fla. A Diuine my Lord.

Bra Hee will be drunke : Auoyd him : th' argument *Brachiano*
is fearefull, when Church-men stagger in't. *seemes here neare*
Looke you ; fixe gray cats that haue lost their *his end Lodouico*
tailes, cral vp the pillow, send for a Rat-catcher : and *Gasparo in*
I'le doe a miracle : I'le free the Court *the habit of Capuchins,*
From all foule vermine. Where's *Flammineo*? *present him in his*

Fla. I doe not like, that he names mee so often, *bed, with a Cr-*
Especially on's death-bed : 'tis a signe *esixe and hallowed*
I shall not liue long : see hee's neere his end. *candle.*

Lod. Pray giue vs leaue ; *Attende Domine Brachiano,*

Fla. See, see how firmly he doth fixe his eye
Vpon the Crucifixe. *Vit.* O, hold it constant,

Vittoria Corombona.

It settles his wild spirits ; and so his eyes
Melt into teares.

By the Cru-
cifix.

Lod. Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo,
nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.

By the Ho-
lowed taper.

Gas. Olim hasta valuisti in bello ; nunc hanc sacram hastam vi-
brabis contra hostem animarum.

Lod. Attende Domine Brachiane, si nunc quoque probas ea, qua
acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.

Gas. Esto securus Domine Brachiane : cogita, quantum habeas
meritorum : denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam
si quid esset periculi.

Lod. Si nunc quoque probas ea, qua acta sunt inter nos, flecte ca-
put in laevum.

He is departing : pray, stand all apart,

And let vs onely whisper in his eares

Some priuate meditations, which our order Here the rest
Permits you, not to heare. Gas. Brachiano. being departed, Lo-

Lod. Deuill Brachiano. donico, and Gasparo discover
Thou art damn'd. Gas. Perpetually. themselves.

Lod. A slaue condemn'd, and giuen vp to the gallowes,

Is thy great Lord and Master. Gas. True : for thou

Art giuen vp to the Deuill. Lod. O you slaue !

You that were helde the famous Polititian ;

Whose art was poyson. Gas. And whose conscience murder.

Lod. That would haue broke your wiues necke downe the
staires, ere she was poison'd. Gas. That had your villanous sallets.

Lod. And fine imbrodered bottles, And perfumes
Equally mortall with a winter plague.

Gas. Now there's Mercury.

Lod. And copresse.

Gas. And quick. siluer.

Lod. With other deuillish Apothecarie stuffe,
A melting in your politike braines : do'st heare.

Gas. This is Count Lodouico. Lod. This, Gasparo.

And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. Gas. And stinke
Like a dead flie-blowne dog.

Lod. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.

Bra

Vittoria Corombona.

Br. *Vittoria!* *Vittoria!* *Lod.* O the cursed devil
Comes to himselfe againe. Wee are vndone.

Enter Vittoria and the attend.

Gas. Strangle him in priuate. What? will you call him againe
To liue in treble torments? for charity,
For Christian charity, auoyd the chamber.

Lod. You would prate, Sir. This is a true loue-knot,
Sent from the Duke of Florence. *Brachiano is strangled*

Gas. What is it done?

Lod. The snuffe is out. No woman-keeper i'th world,
Though shee had practis'd seauen yeare at the Pest-house,
Could haue don't quaintlier. My Lords, hee's dead.

Omn. Rest to his soule.

Vit. O mee! this place is hell. *Exit Vittoria.*

Flo. How heauily she takes it. *Fla.* O yes, yes;
Had women nauigable riuers in their eyes
They would dispend them all; surely I wonder,
Why we should wish more riuers to the Citty,
When they sell water soe good cheape. I'll tell thee,
These are but Moonish shades of griefes or feares,
There's nothing sooner drie, then womens teares.
Why heere's an end of all my haruest; he ha's giuen mee nothing;
Court promises! Let wisemen count them curst
For while you liue, he that scores best, paies worst.

Flo. Sure, this was Florence doing. *Fla.* Very likely.
Those are found waighty strokes which come from th'hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th head.
O the rare trickes of a Machiauilian!

Hee doth not come, like a grosse plodding slaue,
And buffet you to death; No, my quaint knaue,
He tickles you to death; makes you die laughing;
As if you had swallow'd downe a pound of saffron,
You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice:
To teach; Court-honesty, it iumpes on ice.

Flo. Now, haue the people liberty to talke,
And descant on his vices. *Fla.* Misery of Princes,
That must of force be censur'd by their slaues!

Vittoria Corombona.

Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,

But, for not doing all, that all men will.

One were better be a thresher.

Vo. death, I would faine speake with this Duke yet.

Flo. Now hee's dead?

Fla. I cannot coniure; but if praies or oaths
Will get to th' speech of him: though forty Devils

Waite on him in his liuery of flames,

I'le speake to him, and shake him by the hand,

Though I be blasted. *Fra.* Excellent *Lodouico*!

What? did you terrifie him at the last galper? *Exit Flamenco.*

Lod. Yes, and so idely, that the Duke had like

T'haue terrified vs. *Fra.* How? *Enter the Moore.*

Lod. You shall heare that hereafter,
See! yon's the infernall, that would make vp sport.

Now to the reuelation of that secret,

Shee promis't when she fell in loue with you.

Flo. You're passionately met in this sad world.

Moo. I would haue you looke vp, Sir; these Court-teares

Claim not your tribute to them. Let those weepe,

That guiltily partake in the sad cause.

I knew last night by a sad dreame I had,

Some mischiefe would ensue; yet to say trueth,

My dreame most concern'd you.

Lod. Shall's fall a dreaming?

Fra. Yes, and for fashion sake, I'le dreame with her.

Moo. Mee thought sir, you came stealing to my bed.

Fra. Wilt thou belecue me sweeting, by this light,
I was a dreamt on thee too: for mee thought

I saw thee naked. *Moo.* Fie sir! as I told you,

Mee thought you lay downe by me.

Fra. So dreamst I;

And least thou should'st take cold, I couer'd the

With this Irish mantle. *Moo.* Verily I did dreame

You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to't.

Lod. How? how? I hope you will not goe to there,

Fra. Nay; you must heare my dreame out.

Moo.

Vittoria Corombona.

Moore. VVell, fir, forth.

Fra. VVhen I threw the mantle o're thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly me thought. *Moore.* Laugh?

Fla. And cried'st out,
Theh aine did tickle thee. *Moo.* There was a dreame indted.

Lod. Marke her, I prethee, shee simpers like the suddes
A Collier hath bin wash't in.

Moo. Come, fir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reueale a secret: *Isabella*

The Duke of Florence silter, was impoison'd
By a fum'd picture: and *Camillo's* necke
Was broke by damn'd *Flamineo*: the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. *Fra.* Most strange!

Moo. Most true. *Lod.* The bed of snakes is broke.

Moo. I sadly doe confesse, I had a hand
In the blacke deed.

Fra. Thou kep'st their counsell, *Moo.* Right,
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob *Vittoria*. *Lod.* Excellent penitence!
Vsurers dreame on't, while they sleepe out Sermons.

Moo. To further our escape, I haue entreated
Leaue to retire me, till the funerall,
Vnto a friend i'th country. That excuse
Will further our escape, In coine and iewels
I shall at least, make good vnto your vse
An hundred thousand crownes. *Fra.* O noble wench!

Lod. Those crownes wee'le share. *Moo.* It is a dowry,
Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt prouerbe false,
And wash the Ethiop white. *Bra.* It shall, away

Moo. Bee ready for our flight. *Bra.* An houre fore day
O strange discouery! why till now we knew not, *Exit the Moore*
The circumstance of either of their deaths. *Enter Moore.*

Moo. You'le waight about midnight
In the Chappell. *Bra.* There.

Lod. Why now our action's iustified,

Fra. Tush for iustice.
What harmes it Iustice? we now, like the partridge

Purge

Vittoria Corombona

Purge the disease with lawrell: for the same,
Shall crowne the enterprife, and quit the shame.

Exeunt.

Enter Flam. and Gasp. at one doore, another way

Gionanni attended.

Gs. The yong Duke. Did you e're see a sweeter Prince?

Fla. I haue knowne a poore womans bastard better fauor'd,
This is behind him: Now, to his face all cōparisons were hateful:
Wife was the Courtly Peacocke, that being a great Minion, and
being compar'd for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to
the Kingly Eagle said; the Eagle was a fairer fairer bird then
herselfe, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long
Talons, His will grow out in time,
My gracious Lord. *Gio.* I pray leaue mee Sir.

Fla. Your Gracemust be merry: 'tis I haue cause to mourne;
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father
on horsebacke? *Gio.* Why, what said hee?

Fla. When you are dead father (said he) I hope that I shall
ride in the saddle. O 'tis a braue thing for a man to sit by himselfe,
he may stretch himselfe in the stirrups, looke about, and see the
whole compasse of the Hemisphere, you're now, my Lord, i'th
saddle. *Gio.* Study your praiers, sir, and be penitent,
'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin,
I haue heard grieffe nam'd the eldest child of sinne. *Exit Gio.*

Fla. Study my praiers? he threatens me diuinely,
I am falling to pecces already: I care not, though! like *Anacharsis*,
I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were
fitter for Vsurers gold, and themselves to be beaten together, to
make a most cordiall cullice for the deuill,

He hath his vnkles villanous looke already *Enter Courtier.*
In decimo sexto. Now sir, what are you?

Cour. It is the pleasure sir, of the yong Duke,
That you forbear the Presence, and all roomes,
That owe him reuerence.

Fla. So, the wolfe and the rauen are very pretty fooles, when
they are yong. Is it your office, sir to keepe me out?

Cour. So the Duke wils.

Fla. Verily, Master Courtier, extremity is not bee vsed
in

Vittoria Corombona.

in all offices: Say, that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smocke: would it not shew a cruell part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to her vpper garment, pull it o're her head and eares; and put her in naked? *Cour.* Very good: you are merrie.

I/a. Dost hee make a Court-eiectment of mee? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, then within. The smoo're some of them.

Enter Francisco

How now? Thou art sad.

Fra. I met euen now with the most piteous sight..

F/a. Thou met'st another here, a pittifull Degraded Courtier. *Fra.* Your reuerend mother Is growne a very old woman in two houres. I found them winding of *Marcello's* coarfe; And there is such a solemne melodie, 'Twene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies: Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead, Were wont t'outweare the nights with; that belecue mee, I had no cies to guide mee forth the roome, They were soe o're-charg'd with water. *F/a.* I will see them.

Fra. 'Twere much vncharity in you: for your sight Will adde vnto their teares. *F/a.* I will see them. They are behind the trauerse. Ple discover Their superstitious howling.

Cornelia, the Moore, and 3. other Ladies disceuered winding Marcello's Coarfe. A song.

Cor. This rosemarie is wither'd, pray, get fresh; I would haue these herbes grow vp in his graue, When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes, I'll tye a garland heere about his head: 'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheete I haue kept this twentie yeeres, and euerie daie, Hallow'd it with my praiers; I did not thinke, Hee should haue wore it. *Mo.* Looke you; who are yonder?

Cor. O reach mee the flowers.

Mo. Her Ladieship's foolish. *Wom.* Alas! her grieve

L

Hath

Vittoria Corombona.

Hath turn'd her child againe. *Cor.* You're very welcome.
There's Rosemarie for you, and Rue for you, *to Flaminio.*
Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.

I haue left more for my selfe. *Bra.* Ladie, who's this?

Cor. You are, I take it, the graue-maker. *Fla.* So.

Moo. 'Tis *Flaminio*.

Cor. Will you make mee such a foole? heere's a white hand:
Can bloud so soone be wash't out? Let mee see,
When scritch-owles croake vpon the chimney tops,
And the strange Cricket i'th ouen fingers, and hoppes,
When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,
Bee certaine then you of a Coarse shall heare.
Out vpon't, how'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.
Couflip-water is good for the memorie: pray buy mee 3. ounces of't. *Fla.* I would I were from hence. *Cor.* Do you heere,
Ile giue you a saying which my grandmother *sir?*
Was wont, when she heard the bell tole, to sing o're vnto her lute
Fla. Doe and you will, doe.

Cor. Call for the Robin-Red-breast, and the wren,
Sinc o're shadie grove's they houer, *Cornelia doth this*
And with leaues and flowres doe couer *in senerall formes*
The friendlesse bodies of vnburied men. *of distraction.*

Call vnto his funerall Dole

The Ante, the field-mouse, and the mole
To care him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme,
But keepe the wolfe far thence: that's foe to men,
For with his nailes hee'l dig them vp agen.

They would not bury him, 'cause hee died in a quarrell;
But I haue an answere for them.

Let holie Church receiue him duly,
Since hee payd the Church tithes truly.

His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:

This poore men get; and great men get no more.

Now the wares are gone, wee may shut vp shop.

Blesse you all good people,

Excunt Cornelia and Ladies.

Fla. I haue a strange thing in mee, to th' which

I care

Vittoria Corombona.

I cannot giue a name, without it bee
 Compassion, I pray leaue mee. *Exit Francisco.*
 This night I'll know the vtmost of my fate,
 I'll be resolu'd what my rich sister meanes
 T'assigne me for my seruice: I haue liu'd
 Riorously ill, like some that liue in Court,
 And sometimes, when his face was full of smiles
 Haue felt the maze of conscience in my brest.
 Oft gay and honour'd robes those torures trie,
 „Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed they crie.
 Ha! I can stand thee. Neerer, neerer yet.
 What a mockery hath death made thee? thou look'st sad.
 In what place art thou? in yon starrie gallerie,
 Or in the curst dungeon? No? not speake?
 Pray, sir, resolute mee, what religion's best
 For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
 To answere me how long I haue to liue?
 That's the most necessary question.
 Not answere? Are you still, like some great men
 That onely walke like shadowes vp and downe,
 And to no purpose: say: —
 What's that? O fatall! he throwes earth vpon mee.
 A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers.
 I pray speake sir, our Italian Church-men
 Make vs beleue, dead men hold conference
 With their familiars, and many times
 Will come to bed to them, and eate with them.
 Hee's gone; and see, the scull and earth are vanisht.
 This is beyond melancholy, I doe dare my fate
 To doe it's worst. Now to my sisters lodging,
 And summe vp all these horrors; the disgrace
 The Prince threw on mee; next the piteous sight
 Of my dead brother; and my Mothers dorage;
 And last this terrible vision. All these
 Shall with Vittoria's bounty turne to good,
 Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood. *Exit.*

Enter Francisco, Lodouico, and Hortensio.

Vittoria Corombona.

Lod. My Lord, vpon my soule you shall no further:
You haue most ridiculously ingag'd your selfe
Too far already. For my part, I haue payd
All my debts: so, if I should chance to fall,
My Creditors fall not with mee; and I vow,
To quite all in this bold assembly,
To the meanest follower. My Lord leaue the Citty,
Or Ile forswear the murder. *Fra.* Farewell *Lodonico.*
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
I'll reare vnto thy memory that fame,
Shall in the ashes keepe aliue thy name.

Hor. Ther's some blacke deed on foot. I'll presently
Downe to the Cittadell, and raise some force.
These strong Court-factions, that doe brooke noe checks,
In the carriere oft breake the riders neckes.

Fla. What are you at your prayers? Giue o're.

Vit. How Ruffin?

Fla. I come to you 'bout wordly businesse:
Sit downe, sit downe: Nay, stay Blouze, you may heare it,
The doores are fast enough. *Vit.* Ha, are you drunke?

Fla. Yes, yes, with wormewood water; you shall tast
Some of it presently. *Vit.* What intends the Fury?

Fla. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claime
Reward for my long seruice. *Vit.* For your seruice?

Fla. Come therefore, here is pen and inke, set downe,
What you will giue me.

Vit. There. *Fla.* Ha! haue you done already,
'Tis a most short conueyance. *Vit.* I will reade it.

I giue that portion to thee, and no other
Which *Cain* groan'd vnder, hauing slaine his brother.

Fla. A most Courtly patent to beg by.

Vit. You are a villaine.

Fla. Is't come to this? they say, affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a Deuill in thee; I will trie
If I can scarre him from thee; Nay sit still:
My Lord hath left me yet two case of Jewels
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see them.

Vit.

Enter Vittoria with a booke in her hand. Zanke Flaminio, following them.

Shee writes.

Vittoria Corombona.

Vit. Sure hee's distracted. *Zan.* O hee's desperate! *He Enter^r*
For your owne safety giue him gentle language. *with two case*

Fla. Look, these are better far at a dead lift, *of pistols.*
Then all your iewell house. *Vit.* And yet mee thinkes,
These stones haue no faire lustre, they are ill set.

Fla. Ple turne the right side towards you: you shall see how
they will sparkle. *Vit.* Turne this horror from mee:
What doe you want? what would you haue mee doe?
Is not all mine, yours? haue I any children?

Fla. Pray thee, good woman, doe not trouble mee
With this vaine worldly businesse; say your prayers,
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,
Neither your selfe, nor I should out-live him
The numbring of foure houres. *Vit.* Did he enioyne it.

Fla. He did, and 'twas a deadly ielousie,
Least any should enioy thee after him,
That vrg'd him vow me to it: For my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his owne Court
Being a great Duke, what hope then for vs?

Vit. This is your melancholy, and dispaire. *Fla.* Away,
Foole thou art, to thinke that Politicians
Doe vse to kill the effects of iniuries
And let the cause liue: shall we groane in irons,
Or be a shamefull, and a waighty burthen
To a publike scaffold: This is my resolue:
I would not liue at any mans entreaty,
Nor die, at any's bidding. *Vit.* Will you heare me?

Fla. My life hath done seruice to other men,
My death shall serue mine owne turne; make you ready.

Vit. Doe you meane to die indeed.

Fla. With as much pleasure,
As e're my father'gat me. *Vit.* are the doores lockt?

Zan. Yes Madam.

Vit. Are you growne an Atheist? will you turne your body,
Which is the goodly pallace of the soule,
To the soules slaughter house? O the cursed Deuill

Vittoria Corombona

Which doth present vs with all other finnes
Thrice candied o're; Despaire, with gaule and stibium.
Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for helpe,
Makes vs forsake that which was made for Man,
The world, to sinke to that was made for deuils,
Eternall darkenesse. *Zan.* Helpe, helpe. *Fla.* I'll stop your throate
With Winter plums, *Vit.* I preethee yet remember,
Millions are now in graues, which at last day
Like Mandrakes shall rise shrieking. *Fla.* Leauce your prating,
For these are but grammaticall laments,
Feminine arguments, and they moue mee,
As some in Pulpits moue their Auditory
More with their exclamation, then sence
Of reason, or sound Doctrine. *Zan.* Gentle Madam.
Seeme to consent, onely perswade, him teach
The way to death; let him die first.

Vit. 'Tis good, I apprehend it,
To kill one's selfe is meate that we must take
Like pills, not chew't, but quickly swallow it,
The smart o'th wound, or weakenesse of the hand,
May else bring treble torments. *Fla.* I haue held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to die. *Vit.* O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolu'd, farewell affliction:
Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you liu'd
Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
To sacrifice vnto you; Now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Farewell *Zanche*.

Zan. How Madam? Doe you thinke that i'lle outlive you?
Especially when my best selfe *Flamineo*

Goes the same voyage, *Fla.* O most loued *Moore*!

Zan. Onely by all my loue let mee entreat you;
Since it is most necessary one of vs
Doe violence on our selues; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.

Fla. Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already:

Vittoria Corombona.

Two of these you shall leuell at my brest,
Th'other 'gainst your owne, and so we'll dye,
Most equally contented: But first sweare
Not to out-live me, *Vit.* & *Moo.* Most religiously.

Fla. Then here's an end of me, fare-well day-light
And O contemptible Phyficke I that dost take
So long a study, onely to preserve
So short a life, I take my leaue of thee.
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected blood out,
Are you ready? *Both.* Ready.

*Shewing the
pistols.*

Fla. Whither shall I go now? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous Pur-
gatory, to finde *Alexander* the great cobling shooes, *Pompey* tag-
ging points, and *Iulius Caesar* making haire buttons, *Hanniball* sel-
ling blacking, and *Augustus* crying garlick, *Charlemaigne* selling
lifts by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart, drawn
with one horse.

Whether I resolve to Fire, Earth, water, Aire.
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not,
Nor greatly care, — Shoot, shoot,
Of all deaths, the violent death is best,
For from our selues it steales our selues so fast,
The paine once apprehended, is quite past.

*They shoot
and run to
him & tread
upon him.*

Vit. What are you drop't.

Fla. I am mix't with Earth already: As you are Noble,
Performe your vowes, and brauely follow mee.

Vit. Whither? to hell? *Zan.* To most assured damnation.

Vit. O thou most cursed deuill. *Zan.* Thou art caught

Vit. In thine owne Engine, I tread the fire out
That would haue bin my ruine.

Fla. Will you be periur'd? what a religious oath was Stix,
that the Gods neuer durst sweare by, and violate? O, that wee had
such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of
Iustice. *Vit.* Thinke whither thou art going. *Zan.* And remeber

What villanies thou hast acted. *Vit.* This thy death
Shall make me like a blazing ominous starre,

Looke vp and tremble. *Fla.* O I am caught with a springe!

Vit.

Vittoria Corombona.

Vit. You see the Foxe comes many times short home,
Tis here prou'd true. *Fla.* Kil'd with a couple of braches.

Vit. No fitter offering for the infernall Furies,
Then one in whom they raign'd, while hee was liuing.

Fla. O, the waices darke and horrid ! I cannot see,
Shall I haue noe company ? *Vit.* O yes, thy sinnes
Doe runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

Fla. O, I smell soote, most stinking soote; the chimnie is a fire;
My liuer's parboil'd, like scotch holly-bread;
There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scaulds;
Wilt thou outliue mee? *Zan.* Yes; and driue a stake
Through thy body; for wee'le giue it out,
Thou didst this violence vpon thy selfe.

Fla. O cunning Devils? now I haue tri'd your loue,
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded; *Flamenco*
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot *riseth.*
To proue your kindnesse to mee; and I liue
To punish your ingratitude; I know,
One time or other, you would finde a way,
To giue me a strong potion, O Men,
That lye vpon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wiues; neere trust them, they'le re-marry,
Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete; ere the Spider
Make a thinne curtaine for your Epitaphes.

How cunning you were to discharge? Doe you practise at
the Artillery-yard? Trust a woman? neuer, neuer; *Brachiano* be
my president: we lay our sou'es to pawne to the Deuill for a lit-
tle pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That euer man
should marry! For one *Hypermetra* that sau'd her Lord and
Husband, fourty nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates
all in one night. There was a shole of vertuous horse-leeches:
Here are two other Instruments. *Enter Lod. Gasp. Pedro, Carlo.*

Vit. Helpe, helpe.

Fla. What noise is that? ha? false keies i'th Court.

Lod. We haue brought you a Maske *Fla.* A matachine it seemes
By your drawne swords.

Churchmen

Vittoria Corombona.

Church-men turn'd reue'lers. *Con. Isabella, Isabella,*

Lod. Doe you know vs now? *Fla.* *Lodouico and Gasparo;*

Lod. Yes and that Moore the Duke gaue pension to,
Was the great Duke of Florence. *Vit.* O we are lost.

Fla. You shall not take Iustice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her. ——— Ile cut my safty

Through your coates of steele, Fate's a Spaniell,
Wee cannot beat it from vs: what remains now?

Let all that doe ill, take this president:

Man may his Fate foresee, but not prevent.

And of all Axiomes this shall winne the prize,

Tis better to be fortunate then wise.

Gas. Bind him to the pillar. *Vit.* O your gentle pity:
I haue seene a black-bird that would sooner fly

To a mans bosome, then to stay the gripe

Of the fierce Sparrow-hawke. *Gas.* Your hope deceiues you.

Vit. If Florence be ith Court, would hee would kill mee.

Gas. Foole! Princes giue rewards with their owne hands,
But death or punishment by the handes of others.

Lod. Sirha you once did strike mee, Ile strike you
Vnto the Center.

Fla. Thoul't doe it like a hangman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest;

I cannot strike againe. *Lod.* Dost laugh?

Fla. Wouldst haue me dye, as I was borne, in whining?

Gas. Recommend your selfe to heauen.

Fla. Noe, I will carry mine owne commendations thither.

Lod. Oh could I kill you forty times a day,
And vs't foure yeere together; 'twere to little;

Nought greeu's but that you are to few to feede
The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on?

Fla. Nothing; of nothing: leaue thy idle questions,
I am ith way to study a long silence,

To prate were idle I remember nothing,

Ther's nothing of so infinite vexation

As mans owne thoughts. *Lod.* O thou glorious strumpet,
Could I diuide thy breath from this pure aire

Vittoria Corombona.

When't leaues thy body, I would sucke it vp,
And breath't vp on some dunghill. *Vit.* You, my Deathsman;
Me thinkes thou dost not looke horrid enough,
Thou hast to good a face to be a hangman,
If thou be, doe thy office in right forme;
Fall downe vpon thy knees, and aske forgiuenesse.

Lod. O, thou hast bin a most prodigious comet,
But I'le cut of your traine: kill the Moore first.

Vit. You shall not kill her first: behold my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my seruant
Shall neuer goe before me. *Gas.* Are you so braue?

Vit. Yes I shall wellcome death
As Princes doe some great Embassadors; I'le meete thy weapon
halfe way. *Lod.* Thou dost tremble?
Me thinkes, feare should dissolue thee into ayre

Vit. O, thou art deceiu'd, I am too true a woman:
Conceit can neuer kill me: I'le tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base teare,
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.

Cor. Thou art my taske, blacke Fury. *Zan.* I haue blood
As red as either of theirs; wilt drinke some?
'Tis good for the falling sicknesse: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall nere looke pale. *Lod.* Strike, strike,
With a Ioint motion. *Vit.* 'Twas a manly blow
The next thou giu'st murder some sucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. *Fla.* O, what blade ist?
A Toledo, for an English Fox.

I euer thought a Cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather then a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steele that made it.

Vit. O! my greatest sinne lay in my blood;
Now my blood paies for't. *Fla.* Th'art a noble sister
I loue thee now; if woman doe breed man
Shee ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know, many glorious women that are fam'd
For masculine vertue, haue bin vitious,

Onely

Vittoria Corombona.

Onely a happier silence did betyde them:
Shee hath noe faults, who hath the art to hide them:

Vit. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,
Is driuen, I know not whither. *Fla.* Then cast anchor.
„Prosperitie doth bewitch men seeming cleere,
„But seas, doe laugh, shew white, when rocks are neere.
„Wee cease to griue, cease to be fortunes slaues,
„Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gon?
And thou so neare the bottome: false reporte,
Which saies that women vie with the nine Muses,
For nine rough durable liues: I doe not looke
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee;
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end.

„While we looke vp to heauen we confound
„Knowledge with knowledge. O, I am in a mist.

Vit. O happy they that neuer saw the Court,
„Nor euer knew great Men but by report.

Vittoria dyes.

Fla. I recouer like a spent taper, for a flash
And instantly goe out.

Let all that belong to Great men remember th' old wines tra-
dition, to be like the Lyons 1st Tower on Candlemas day, to
mourne: if the Sunne shine, for feare of the pitifull remainder of
winter to come.

'Tis well yet, there's some goodnesse in my death,
My life was a blacke charnell: I haue caught
An euermlasting could. I haue lost my voice
Most irrecoverably: Farewell glorious villaines;
„This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,
„Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by paine.
Let no harsh flattering Bels resound my kneil,
Strike thunder, and strike lowde to my farewell.

Enter Embassad: and Giouanni.

Eng. E. This way, this way, breake ope the doores, this way.

Lod. Ha, are wee betraid?

Why then let's constantly dye all together,
And hauing finish't this most noble deede,
Defy the worst of fate; not feare to bleed.

Vittoria Corombona.

Eng. Keepe backe the Prince, shoot, shoot,

Lod. O, I am wounded,

If eare I shall be ta'ne. *Gio.* You bloudy villaines,

By what authority haue you committed

This Massacre? *Lod.* By thine. *Gio.* Mine?

Lod. Yes, thy vnkle, which is part of thee, enioyn'd vs to't:

Thou know'st me I am sure, I am Count *Lodowicke*,

And thy most noble vnkle in disguise

Was last night in thy Court. *Gio.* Ha!

Car. Yes, that Moore thy father chose his pensioner,

Gio. He turn'd murderer?

Away with them to prison, and to torture;

All that haue hands in this, shall tast our iustice,

As I hope heauen. *Lod.* I doe glory yet,

That I can call this act mine owne: For my part,

The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing wheele

Shall bee but sound sleepes to mee, here's my rest:

„ I limm'd this night-peece and it was my best.

Gio. Remoue the bodies, see my honoured Lord,

What vse you ought make of their punishment.

Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes,

Doe leane on crutches, made of slender reedes.

In stead of an Epilogue, onely this of *Martial* supplies me,

Hac fuerint nobis pramia, si placui.

For the action of the play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirme, with the ioint testimony of some of their owne quality, (for the true imitation of life, without struiuing to make nature a monster) the best that euer became them: whereof, as I make a generall acknowledgement, so in particular, I must remember the well approued industrie of my friend *Master Perkins*, and confesse the worth of his action did Crowne both the beginning and end.

FINIS.

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